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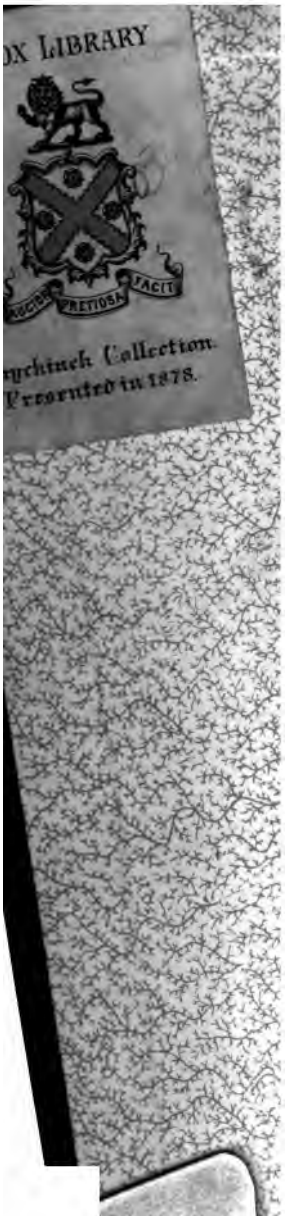
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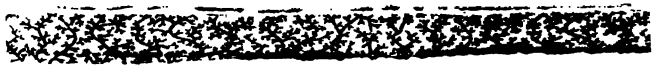

TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

BY

GEORGE FIBBLETON, ESQ.

Ex-Barber to His Majesty,

THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM PEARSON, 6 CORTLANDT-ST

PETER HILL, 94 BROADWAY; AND OTHERS.

1833.

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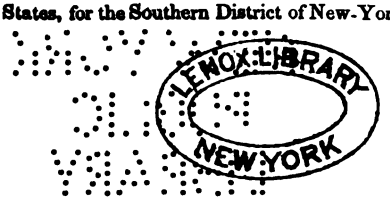

WM. PEARSON, PRINTER.

TO

MRS. TROLLOPE:

THE MOST SEVERE CASTIGATOR OF AMERICAN MANNERS, THE MOST ELEGANT WRITER OF MODERN TIMES, AND THE MOST RENOWNED TRAVELLER OF THIS OR ANY OTHER AGE.

Madam,

MUCH as I am dazzled by the splendor of your literary fame, much as I admire your indefatigable research in Western climes, and much as I esteem your inimitable virtues: all these things, nevertheless, sink into insignificance, when compared with the inexpressible pleasure I feel, and the unparalleled glory I anticipate, in being permitted to inscribe this work to you; and so sensible am I of the honor this privilege confers, that were this to be my last and only achievement, I should deem the placing of my name on the same page with yours, a sufficient passport to immortality.

GEORGE FIBBLETON.

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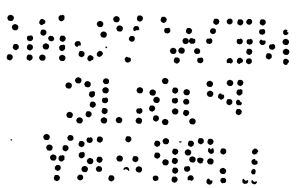
PREFACE

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

THE extraordinary fame, acquired by such distinguished writers on America, as Faux, Fearon, Ashe, Hall, Trollope, and Fidler, might well be expected to tempt others to gather laurels in the same field; and accordingly, to the above named immortal six, we now have the addition of a seventh, in the person of MR. FIBBLETON. Like the two last, he seems to have been disappointed in his views of fortune in America; and like all of them, he has given a coloring to his delineations, a little at variance with truth, and for the most part not very flattering to the pride of Americans. But travellers, from time immemorial, have in one way or other, been strangely given to wander from the truth; and we leave our au-

thor as we would any other of his race, to settle his mistakes, whether graphical, geographical, statistical, political or personal, in the best manner he can with the reader.

New-York, Sept. 15, 1833.



CHAPTER I.

SINCERE REGRETS FOR POLITICAL ERRORS — ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S WISDOM AND MERCY—MY REASONS FOR EMIGRATING TO AMERICA—AND MY VIEWS IN WRITING A BOOK.

Oh! fool that I was, to turn radical, and thus to lose the favor of the best, the kindest, and most royal master, that ever a subject was blest withal! For, by losing the *countenance* of the king, I lost my office; and by losing my office, I lost the means whereby I got my bread. Ah! woe is me! never shall I smooth such a chin as that of his most gracious Majesty. Never shall I enjoy so fat an office, as the one I enjoyed, when removing the excrescences from the royal face. Would that I had attended to my own proper business, intead of spouting in political clubs, and urging measures of reform. But in an evil hour, I became a radical. I joined the party of Cobbett and Hunt.

And then, what a fool I was! I must have the te-

merity to recommend to my royal master a radical reform in my own department. I could not be content with the old method of smoothing chins—a method which is sanctioned by time, and which has been approved by the most celebrated tonsors, ever since the flood. This venerable practice it was, that I wished to overthrow. I insisted upon it, that it was too dilatory and too expensive. Simpleton that I was! What had I to do, either with economy in the expenditure of the public money, or expedition in the discharge of the public duties? The money did not come out of my purse, but rather came into it; and no workman who was *compus mentus*, would be desirous of injuring his own business by the introduction of any more cheap or expeditious mode of performing it. And yet such, I am now sensible, would have been the effect of the reform, I had the temerity to recommend to his Majesty.

But, lauded be his Majesty's great and royal wisdom! he refused to listen to my new fangled mode of polishing the royal chin: and thus the nation was saved. Yes, Great Britain was saved; but—but George Fibbleton was lost. The barber, who had so long enjoyed the sunshine of the royal favor, was ejected from office!

I was not at first aware of the extent of my loss. I was still a radical; and I said in my heart, His Majesty may go to the devil and shake himself, for what I care. I'll lather his royal phiz no more. I'm above such low business. I'm a republican in principle, and I'll emigrate forthwith to the land of freedom. I'll become a citizen of the United States. There's no government like the American, where all enjoy a perfect equality of privileges; where the barber is epual to the prime minister, and the prime minister is equal to the President of the nation.

Thus I thought, and thus I acted. But I have had leisure to repent. I left England a complete radical; I return to it a perfect tory. My travels in the United States, have cured me of all hankering after a republic. I am now convinced that a monarchy is the only decent sort of government; and that the old mode of smoothing chins, which has been handed down from time immemorial, is the only true and legitimate mode. It has cost me a great sacrifice of pride to make this admission; but truth is mighty and will *prevalebit*, as my Latin master used to say

I owe this candid acknowledgment to his most sacred Majesty. I have indeed felt the heavy pressure of his most royal hand. But I am sure it was laid on

in pure clemency; and that if his Majesty had hung me, instead of turning me out of office, it would have been no more than my rank offence justly demanded. But as it is, I feel that I owe a whole life of loyal service to his most gracious Majesty; and that it is my bounden duty, to do all I can, to put down the spirit of reform; to render republicanism odious, and to establish loyalty in the affections of the people. For this purpose, (as well as to recruit my purse, which not being a public reason, I speak it in parenthesis) —I have resolved to publish my observations on the manners, customs, laws, government, and productions of the United States.

In doing so, I but cast in my mite along with those admired champions of truth and loyalty, and those invincible enemies of republics, Captain Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and last, though not least, the learned and Rev. Mr. Fidler; and happy shall I be, if the following pages have the effect of arresting the career of one misguided radical, and of confirming the loyalty of one wavering tory. But above all, I shall be happy, if this, my first feeble attempt in the way of authorship, shall so far meet the favorable views of his most gracious Majesty, that he will, of his most

royal grace and favor, deign to reinstate me in my former office of barber to his most royal and gracious Majesty.

CHAPTER II.

I SAIL FROM LONDON IN ONE OF THE AMERICAN PACKETS—EXPERIENCE THE INCIVILITY OF REPUBLICAN WINDS—MEET WITH AN ACCIDENT—AND FALL OUT WITH THE CAPTAIN.

I SAILED from London, in one of the American Packets, early in the month of March, 1833. I expected to set my foot on, what I considered, the blessed shores of America, in the space of fifteen days. But I was sadly disappointed. The wind was mostly ahead during the whole voyage.

By the by, these republican winds, are the most contrary and unaccommodating imaginable. They have no regard whatever to the wishes and feelings of his Majesty's subjects; and as a large part of the passengers were of this description, I have no doubt whatever, that these rough and uncivil winds, blew the contrary way, for no other reason under heaven, but to thwart the wishes of these, his Majesty's subjects. They seemed to take delight in annoying every

man, "in Britain born," and every thing of British growth and manufacture. For instance they blew overboard a respectable gentleman from London, who was nearly half drowned, before he was picked up. They also carried away a lady's bonnet, which, if it had not been caught in some part of the ship's rigging, would have been inevitably lost. For my own part, though then tainted with the disease of radicalism, I was so unfortunate as to drop one of my gloves into the salt sea, which I could not persuade the Yankee Captain, neither by threats nor arguments, to take up by putting the ship about. And I wondered at this the more, when I informed him of my republican notions; and that I intended to settle in his country for life.

"What do I care for that?" said he, in a rude tone of voice—"it is no concern of mine."

"No concern of yours!" I exclaimed, "indeed sir, but you will pardon me, if I say it is a deep concern of yours, as well as of every American. It is for the interest of the United States, to encourage the emigration of English gentlemen, like myself, who will polish their fa— their mannners I should say: and will you not do so small a favor to a man who intends

to become a benefactor to your country, as to put about and pick up his glove?"

"Don't trouble me, sir," said the Captain gruffly.

"You won't put about then, ha?"

"No, confound you, I would'nt put about for all the gloves in Europe, and all the coxcombs that wear them."

"Very well, Mr. Captain," said I, with great spirit, "if that's the way you treat an Englishman, who intended to honor you republic by taking up his abode among you; I shall be tempted to leave the States, and transfer my presence, with all its advantages, to Canada."

"Well, sir," said he, as he turned his back upon me, and gave orders to his sailors as if no accident had happened, the sooner you quit the States, the better; for, rely upon it, the people don't want you there."

But when I uttered my threat, I had no idea of executing it. I was still too little acquainted with republicanism; and concluded in my own mind, that the gruff Captain could not be a fair specimen of that great and enlightened people among whom I was going to reside.

CHAPTER III.

I AM DISAPPOINTED IN THE AMERICAN PACKET—HER CAPTAIN, ACCOMMODATIONS, AND SAILING—OWING TO THE BADNESS OF THE LATTER, I BECOME HORRIBLY SEA-SICK—RECOMMENDATION OF NEW LINES.

THE ship, in which I made my voyage, and which I have before said was one of the American packets, had been lauded to the skies for her fine model, her beautiful cabins, her swift sailing, her excellent accommodations, and her polite and attentive Captain. I even, on first going aboard, thought her a paragon of a ship; and her Captain a *knee per Sultan* of a commander. But alas! I soon discovered how egregiously common fame had lied, and how miserably I had been mistaken.

In regard to the accommodations, I found them but little, if any, better than those I had been accustomed to at home; and as to the politeness of the Captain, he showed me no more attention than he did the common people; and indeed scarcely addressed a

single word to me during the passage; except to request me to stand out of the way, when I was like to be knocked overboard with the boom, or some equally uncivil demand. And as for the beauty of the ship, I soon discovered that she had been altogether overrated. I had heard much about the mahogany panels, the rich carpeting, and the elegant furniture; but for my part, I found on a closer examination, that what appeared to be mahogany, was neither more nor less than hackmatack, a species of wood that grows plentifully in America; that the carpeting, so far from being of good English manufacture, was little better than ordinary Brussels; and that the furniture, which had at first struck my eyes as uncommonly elegant, was of the most barbarous materials and manufacture.

As for the sailing of the ship, so far from being swift, it took us six good weeks to cross the Atlantic. To be sure, as I said before, the vile republican winds blew directly in our teeth; but that, I humbly conceive, is no reason why a ship should not make greater headway—especially where the commander is a republican, and may therefore properly be supposed to know how to deal with those particular kinds of

winds. But another thing—I had heard the ship compared to a swan, riding majestically on the waves; but, oh, my insides! I had not been two days at sea, before I became so monstrous sick, in consequence of the unsteadiness of the ship, that I thought I should absolutely have died in the act of vomition.

Now it is very clear to me—and I think I ought to be a pretty good judge, having been barber to His Majesty for fifteen years—I say it is very clear to me, that a ship cannot be considered a good sailer, which makes her passengers so deadly sick as I became.

And here I cannot help expressing my wonder, that some of His Majesty's subjects do not enter into competition with these uncivilized Yankees, and not allow them to monopolize all the business of sailing packets across the Atlantic. Is it not a shame that these upstart republicans should

"So get the start of this majestic world."

and especially of the loyal subjects of Great Britain? and that we English gentry should be compelled whenever we cross the water, to submit to the rudeness of American Captains, and have our insides inverted by the rocking and unsteadiness of American ships? For my part, I have not the least doubt, that, should En-

glish lines of packets be established, both from London and Liverpool, they would in a very short time get away all the passengers from these monopolizing Yankees—especially if the commanders of the English lines showed a little more deference to His Majesty's subjects, particularly such persons as myself, who have held high official stations under his most gracious Majesty—and especially if the ships were so built and managed, as not to cause sea-sickness to such passengers as have never before ventured on the ocean.

CHAPTER IV.

A COALITION OF THE WEST WINDS AND THE GULF STREAM—AMERICAN GULLS—PORPUSES, *alias* PAPOOSES—THEIR STRANGE APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOR.

As we were crossing the Gulf Stream, we had another specimen of the utter rudeness and incivility of every thing American. This stream, which sets back from the coast of America, comes as it were from the midst of republics, and seems to have imbibed all the vicious and bad qualities, for which those upstart governments are remarkable. The water combined,—or, as the American politicians say, formed a coalition—with the west wind, to drive us back again towards the eastern continent; and I verily believe, had not the ship, like that which bore the victorious Cæsar, carried the ex-Royal Barber and his fortunes, she would scarcely have reached the shores of America to this day. But, thanks to my stars, we at length prevailed over republican winds, and republican waters. I say thanks, because, though disappointed in

my views, and dissatisfied with every thing American, I have now had an opportunity of comparing my own happy government with the miserable failure, denominated a republic, on the western shores of the Atlantic.

As we came into the American waters, we saw flocks of gulls flying and screaming around us. But they were poor starved creatures, and no more like the English gulls than a heron is like a goose. I could not help remarking the difference to a Yankee passenger on board. Said I, "What contemptible gulls you have in this country. They're not at all to be compared with our English ones."

"Very true," said he, "You have unquestionably the greatest gulls in the world."

Such is the force of truth, that this American was compelled to acknowledge our English superiority, in this respect at least; though he, like the rest of his countymen, was forever boasting of the superexcellence of every thing American. But he made an observation, in reply to one of mine, which I could not exactly understand, but which I thought was far from being civil to me, or respectful to the monarch or the nation to which I am proud to belong. When he acknowledged the superiority of our English gulls, I could

not help saying I wished he would be equally candid on other subjects.

"And so I am," said he; "I say what I think on all subjects, and if you take any pride in my admission respecting the superiority of your gulls, I will go a step farther, and say, for your satisfaction, that John Bull is all gull."

"Sir," said I, doubling up a right English fist, "what do you mean to insinuate?"

"Nothing at all," he replied, with real American impudence, "what I say is downright matter of fact."

"Do you mean to insult me, or my country, or my King?" said I, looking as fiercely as I conveniently could.

"Neither," said he, turning his back upon me with the most uncivil air imaginable.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," I replied, dropping my fist, and at the same time dropping the subject.

I noticed large schools of porpuses—called by the Americans *papooses*—sporting about the ship. They were, however, quite different from our English porpuses, both in shape and size, as well as color. They were pea-green, striped with yellow; and had their tails very awkwardly joined to the rear of their bo-

dies. Their color, however, did not always appear to be the same, but varied according as they happened to be between us and the sun, or we between them and the sun. This, I take it, is a peculiarity of the American porpuses. It is presumed to be indicative of the changeable nature of American institutions; in which there is such remarkable instability, that the very brute creation around them, are affected, no doubt on the principle of sympathy.

But what I could not help noticing in particular, was, the motion of these porpuses, so different from those I had been accustemed to see in the waters of England. They seemed to me to be turning summersets; for every time they came to the surface of the water, they very uncivilly threw their tails over their backs, and then disappeared in a moment. So they kept sporting round on all sides of us; and I thought they several times manifested a particular curiosity to see who was aboard the ship; and that they once or twice, in an especial manner, fixed their eyes upon me. I did not so much wonder at this, considering the high official station I had so lately held under His Majesty; and considering likewise that these poor porpuses, in all probability, had never before seen any Europeans of much note. But I could not for

the life of me, forgive that rude behavior I have before mentioned, and which, after gazing at me, they never failed to exhibit, just as they plunged again into the briny deep.

CHAPTER V.

ENTRANCE OF NEW-YORK HARBOR—ALEXANDER, SAWNEY, OR SANDY HOOK—LIGHT-HOUSES—STATELY ISLAND—FORTS—FATE OF COLUMBUS—QUARANTINE—MARINE HOSPITAL—AMERICAN CRUELTY—THE WATER-WITCH.

The entrance to the harbor of New-York is between two islands: the one is called Sandy Hook, and the other Coney Island. For the matter of which they are composed, both might be denominated sandy, for they are mere piles of sand, with here and there a shrub or a tuft of wild grass to vary the scene.

But, after all, the name of Sandy Hook is supposed not to be derived from the nature of the soil; but rather from the name of a poor Scotchman, who was many years since cast away on the Island. He was called Sawney or Sandy, a familiar name for Alexander—but whether his surname was Hook, or Crook, or whether he was not merely the cook of the vessel, I could not positively ascertain; though I inquired of the man who keeps the light-house on the Hook, and who, for a Yankee, is a man of some little intelligence.

Before I leave Sandy Hook, I may as well give some account of this light-house, which the keeper, in consideration of my giving him a York shilling—which is about sixpence of our money—condescended, with uncommon politeness, considering he is an American, to show me. It is a noble edifice, having been built as early as the fore part of the reign of Richard III., of glorious memory. The walls are of solid stone, nineteen feet at the base, and about sixteen feet at the top. The whole height of this solid and substantial edifice is upwards of two hundred feet, and it is ascended by forty-seven flights of stairs. My stars! it makes me puff now at the bare reccollection of the fatigue I underwent in climbing them.

Besides this main light-house, there are from ten to twenty others on the Island, which are called range-lights. They were however, built by the Americans since the rebellion, and are very contemptible things, compared with that which was erected by His most gracious Majesty, Richard III.

Passing between Sandy Hook and Coney Island—by the by, I forgot to inquire whether this Island is inhabited by coneys—we entered the bay; or rather, perhaps I should say, outer bay—for, to tell the truth, there is a bay within a bay. What is properly call-

ed the Bay of New-York, is above the Narrows, a strait which is formed by the approximation of Stately Island on the west, and Long Island on the east. But why the former should be called *Stately* Island, I could not well see; for though it is somewhat elevated from the water, its stateliness is not to be compared with the "fast anchored isle" of Great Britain.

At the Narrows, there are one or two forts, so called; and the Americans boast loudly of their great strength and efficiency. But as far as I could judge from a pretty minute survey from the ship, as she passed between them, I should say, as did His most gracious Majesty, Richard the Third of England, "they were a weak contrivance of the enemy." Why, I verily believe a single British frigate would blow them to atoms in less than fifteen minutes.

Besides these forts, there are two or three others, so called, very near the city. One of these is named Fort Columbus, in honor of the builder, a famous Englishman, who, in the thirteenth century, discovered New-York. He was seized and put in chains by the Yankees, who, having headed him up in a hogshead of molasses, sent him home again to his own country.

Another of these forts is on Bed-fellow's Island. But

it is a slim affair, and would not stop a cock-boat. The only thing that deserves attention here, is the name of the Island, of the origin of which, very possibly some of my fair readers may feel a curiosity to inquire. But I regret exceedingly that it is out of my power to throw any light on the subject; and that I could not gain any information from the Americans on this point. All I know, is, that it is called Bedfellow's Island, and with this I hope my fair readers will be satisfied.

At Stately Island, there is a quarantine, and marine hospital. The buildings and grounds, belonging to the latter, are very neat and in good condition; but I could not help taking notice of the cruelty of the Americans, who keep a poor sailor standing day and night on the pinnacle of the principal building, to look look out for ships; which, as soon as he sees them heave in sight, he is obliged to give notice of, by means of a speaking trumpet, which he constantly holds in his hand. He is allowed neither pay nor rations, nor even so much as a chew of tobacco; and should he ever be known to wink or nod, he would be flogged within an inch of his life. The reason of this cruelty, as I am informed, is, that the honest tar was found giving aid and comfort to His Majesty's

loyal subjects in the time of the rebellion; and being seized by the bloody republicans, has been condemned to keep watch, in the manner described, ever since.

On the north end of the Island is the Governor's Palace—so it is called—but in truth it is little better than a mere cottage. Here the Governor of New-York, keeps his court, and gives audience on state affairs. The present Governor is Peter Love Marcy ; and is said to have been chosen in consequence of making a present of a pair of breeches, to a majority of the voters of the State. It made a great noise at the time of the election; and the minority did what they could to rip up the proceedings, declaring that the breeches affair was a very great shame, and that the governor elect ought to be despoiled forthwith of his ill-gotten power. But the majority, having got safe possession of the small-clothes, laughed in their faces, and told them flatly, they might go and be hanged if they pleased.

After riding quarantine, as it is called here, which means sitting astride the main boom of the vessel, for fourteen days, we were permitted to come up to the city. I should have mentioned that the harbor of New York, though much boasted of for its capacity

and safety, is chiefly famous for the daring exploits of an old woman, called the Water Witch; who, about fifty years ago, kept the city, then in possession of the Dutch, in a constant state of alarm. She was not without reason called the Water Witch: for with nothing but a wash-tub for a boat, and a broom for both mast and sail, she would cross the bay, which is ten miles wide, in less than three minutes. There was no such thing as taking her, either by force or stratagem. She could not be caught napping; and as to taking her by fair sailing, it was utterly out of the question. Rip Van Winkle, who was the Governor of the State, offered a reward of ten thousand guilders, to any person who would bring her dead or alive. Several Yankees, tempted by the offer of so large a sum of money, undertook to effect it; and she was at last taken by a certain cooper, a shrewd fellow, who thus obtained money enough to fill a leather stocking, which he afterwards kept with a great deal of care, but finally lost it in a voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, where he was one day robbed and murdered by a bravo at Venice.

CHAPTER VI.

CITY OF NEW-YORK—BY WHOM FOUNDED—ITS VARIOUS CHANGES—ISLAND OF BROOKLINE—HUTCHINSON FLY—BY WHOM IMPORTED—CITY OF NEW-JERSEY—INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF A LADY.

The city of New-York, which is a place of some little commerce, is situated at the mouth of the Hudson's Bay River—som etimes called the North River. It was founded by an enterprising tribe of the aborigines, known by the name of the Manhaters; and the island, on which the city is built, is still sometimes called the Island of Manhaters. The name is farther perpetuated by a banking company, which supplies the city with a peculiar kind of water, well known by the appellation of Manhated water.

From the aboriginal founders, the city was at length taken by the Dutch, who fairly smoked the inhabitants out of their houses, very much as some people are in the habit of smoking rats out of a ship—

which, by the by, is a very irregular and unscientific mode of destroying that species of vermin; and one which no English rat-catcher would ever be guilty of.

From the Dutch the city fell into the hands of the Yankees; from whom it was taken by the English in the revolutionary war; and who finally ceded it to the Americans, at the peace of '83. Since that time it has increased considerably in extent, and nearly doubled in population. But it has now evidently reached the climax of its prosperity; and must hereafter look to see its trade diverted to Nova-Scotia on the one hand, and to the new and growing city of Communipaw on the other.

To the east of New-York is the Island of Brookline, which supplies the city with butter, poultry, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables. But the best sweet potatoes, as I am credibly informed, are, after all, brought from Canada. The States, in fact, are more or less dependent upon the British provinces for every thing of any value. To be sure they raise wheat in considerable quantities, such as it is. But it is merely fit for horses—the only good wheat bread in the country being made of English flour.

Whether the soil of the United States is not adapted to wheat; or whether the grain is so much injured by the Hutchinson fly, that it is unfit for human use, I could not exactly ascertain. Perhaps a little of both. At all events, the Hutchinson fly, every year, makes doleful ravages with the wheat-fields—sometimes cutting down and carrying off whole acres, as clean as the most skilful reaper could effect it. This fly, according to the best information I could obtain, was first brought into the country by Governor Hutchinson, of Massachusetts Bay. His object was to injure the Dutch settlements—for the Yankees all had a wicked grudge against the Dutch for some cause or other—but chiefly, as far as I could make out, on account of the Dutch wearing more breeches than they. At at any rate, the Massachusetts Congress voted that the Governor should import the famous fly, which has since taken his name. The Governor, who, as I understand, was in the main a well disposed gentleman, could not do otherwise than he was ordered: so the fly was brought over and deposited, in the middle of a dark night, somewhere in the Dutch settlements, from whence it soon spread all over the country.

Now this was a real Yankee trick. But here those cunning people entirely overreached themselves. They did not consider, that the Hutchinson fly, when it came to propagate, would not confine itself to the State of New-York, but would spread itself all over the land, and remain, as Shakspeare says,

"to plague the importer."

Thus, these foolish and narrow-minded people, in their zeal to injure the honest Dutchmen, brought lasting injury upon themselves—especially as the soil and climate of New-England are better adapted to wheat, than any other part of the country whatsoever.

On the west of New-York, is the city of New-Jersey. It is situated on Paul's Hook, so called, from one Peter Paul, a black preacher, who first settled in the place. It is a mere bed of clay; and were not the streets better paved than they generally are in the American cities, it would be impossible for pedestrians to get their feet out of the mire, or for horses to drag an empty vehicle through it. As it is, people sometimes get stuck, especially in the newe r streets, which are unpaved.

As an instance of this, I will relate a story which I heard. A lady was one day walking in one of the

new streets, when she lost both of her shoes in the mud. In stooping down to pull out her shoes, she accidently pitched forward, and got both of her hands fast in the mud likewise. In this predicament, being ashamed to scream, as it was very natural she should, she endeavored to extricate herself by her own strength. Accordingly, she pulled back with all her might, and succeeded in relieving her hands; but, in so doing, she fell backward and sat fast in the mud. She was now more ashamed than ever, to scream for help—and so endeavored once more to extricate herself by means of her own unassisted strength. She therefore gave a sudden and forcible spring, in order to disengage her lovely person; and only succeeded, with the loss of part of her dress. In this condition she was fortunately seen by an Englishman, who happened to be viewing the city at the time, and who gallantly throwing his cloak over her, conducted her in safety to her lodgings. She afterwards rewarded him with her heart and hand, together with twenty of the principal houses in the city.

CHAPTER VII.

HOLT'S CASTLE—SINGULAR CONTRIVANCE FOR ELEVATING HIS GUESTS—I TAKE LODGINGS IN THE ELEVENTH STORY—DIMENSIONS OF THE DINING-ROOM—DISAGREEABLE CUSTOM OF THE AMERICANS—THE CASTLE-TOWER, AND ITS TWENTY GUARDS.

Before I proceed any farther, I ought to state that I took lodgings at Holt's Castle, as it is called. And indeed, compared with the other diminutive structures with which the city generally abounds, it may with great propriety be called a castle. It is built of blue marble, a little inclining to a bottle-green. The stone, as I was informed, was brought from Florida, one of the Spanish Provinces; and really, considering it was wrought by an American artist, looks tolerably well—especially when the light strikes it in a favorable position.

The structure is eleven stories high, which is very remarkable in America, most of the buildings being only from three to five stories. In fact, it looks down upon the surrounding buildings, in the same manner

as our most gracious English nobility look down upon the peasants beneath them. A great inconvenience, however, would attend the height of this building, were it not for the machinery, which the landlord employs to hoist people up to their different rooms. This machinery is carried by water, which I am told was obtained by boring thirteen hundred feet into the solid rock. It was a work of twenty years, and cost not less than half a million sterling, which is equal to nearly a million, of New-York currency.

It is curious to witness the operation of this machinery for elevating passengers and baggage; for, to do the Yankees justice, they do not altogether lack ingenuity in the mechanical arts. In the first place, it puts out a kind of artificial hands, with which it is provided, and loads itself with passengers, trunks, valises, and other baggage. As soon as it has done this, at a given signal, it mounts through a common opening, to the several stories—stopping regularly at each one, in order to leave such passengers or baggage as happen to occupy rooms in that story. And so it proceeds until it has reached the top, when it begins to descend, stopping in like manner to carry down such persons, with their baggage, as wish to descend.

At present it merely moves up and down perpendicularly; but it is intended by Mr. Holt, so to alter and improve it, that it shall convey his guests directly to their several rooms, and also fetch them away whenever they wish to leave them.

Mr. Holt, I understand, is a descendant of the learned Chief Justice Holt, formerly of the King's Bench. However this may be, he is certainly a great man, and would himself fill a Judge's seat to admiration. In fact, it was chiefly owing to his very respectable size, that I at first resolved to take up my lodgings at his house. He is the best, and almost the only specimen of a plump landlord, I saw during my whole stay in America.

In so large a house as the Castle, it may well be imagined there is a great choice of rooms. For my own part, I did not stop until I had reached the eleventh story. I had no idea of taking up with any of the inferior rooms; though I was informed that many very respectable gentlemen and ladies lodged as low down as the sixth story, and some even as low as the fifth. But this was rather a matter of necessity on account of the crowded state of the house; and very few per-

sons, of decided gentility, would choose to lodge below the seventh story.

The dining room, which is three hundred and seventeen feet long, and fifty-four wide, is situated in the sixth story, so as to accommodate equally, those who room below and those who room above. Six tables are ordinarily set from one end of this vast dining room to the other. But I cannot abide the American custom of so many persons eating together. It is barbarous in the extreme. Nay, more, it is indelicate. What can be more so, I would ask, than for two or three hundred persons of both sexes, to sit ranged along opposite to one another; so that they cannot help peeping into each other's mouths? It is a very disagreeable exposure of one's internal affairs. But it is not to be wondered at in this country, for really these republicans have no idea whatever of any thing, except getting money, talking politics, and boasting of their own superiority. In one respect, however, I must own that they have the advantage for they play knife and fork with such dexterity, and and keep their mouths so constantly crammed with food, that there is very little chance of ever seeing into their mouths, however much an Englishman might be exposed under the like circumstances.

Before I conclude my description of Holt's Castle, I should mention that it is surmounted by a lofty tower, in which are constantly stationed about twenty armed men, for the defence of the premises. These are chiefly riflemen, who can shoot a ball, from a mile and a half to two miles, and hit a York shilling—about the size of an English sixpence—every shot. But, like the rest of their countrymen, they are a savage and merciless set of men, as I more than once had occasion to observe during my short stay at the Castle. Indeed I suffered, in sundry instances, from the fierce and uncivilized behavior of these rude republicans. One night—it was not later than three o' clock—as I was returning to my lodgings, a little glorious with the fifth bottle, one of the guards from the tower hailed me, and demanded in a very insolent manner to know why I made such a noise—alleging that I would wake up the whole house by such unseasonable uproariousness.

"D—n your eyes!" said I, "for an insolent Yankee puppy! What is it to you how much noise I make? I'm an English gentleman, and have a right to make as much noise as I think fit."

"You're no gentleman," returned he, "otherwise

you would not come home drunk at this late hour, disturbing every body with your indecent songs, and boisterous behavior.

"You be d—d!" said I, "for an unmannerly republican." And with that I made at him directly, up to the tower; when, instead of levelling his rifle at me, as a well disciplined soldier would have done, he seized me by the collar of my coat, and the seat of my breeches, and sent me head-long down stairs, before I had time to think fairly what I was about. The next day, I challenged the whole twenty, to go and fight me at Hobbikin, which is the place where all honorable men among the Americans, go to settle their disputes in an honorable way. But these castle guards, with true Yankee meanness of spirit, told me to go to the devil, for they would'nt dirty their hands with me. And so, after swearing at them awhile, in the true John Bull mode, I prudently concluded to let the matter drop.

CHAPTER VIII.

POPULATION OF NEW-YORK—CONTESTS WITH THE INDIANS—PROWESS OF FIELD MARSHALL HAYS—IMPORTATIONS OF IRISH, TO BALANCE THE YANKEES—PRUDENT POLICY OF THE LORD MAYOR.

THE population of New-York consists of Dutch, Yankees, Niggers and Indians. The latter, who emigrated to this place, partly from the East and partly from the West Indies, generally go armed with tomahawks, and get their living by plundering the blacks and whites. The police have made some forcible attempts to put them down; and a severe battle was fought, while I was there, between the Indians, under the command of the famous chief Black Hawk; and the whites and niggers, under the command of Old Hays, as the field marshall is called. There was some hard fighting; though the Yankees fled, as they did in the time of the revolution, at Bunker Hill, Bennington, and other places. But the blacks and the Dutch stood their ground pretty well against the In-

dians; though they finally lost the day through the defection of their dastardly allies. In charging some of the whites with cowardly conduct in that engagement, I would particularly except their leader, the celebrated Field Marshall Hays. He fought gallantly, even after he was deserted by his troops, and repeated charged the Indians sword in hand, cutting down their tomahawks and war-clubs, and making dreadful havoc among their ranks. I saw his eyes strike fire at every blow; but all his prowess was unavailing.

In person, Field Marshall Hays is strong and well built, though not very tall. He has a Roman cast of features, and very much resembles his Grace, the Duke of Wellington. If he would enter into the English service, I have no doubt he would meet with speedy and honorable promotion. Indeed, I hinted as much to him after the close of the above mentioned battle. But, whether he did not rightly understand me, or whether he felt somewhat irritable in consequence of fatigue and the base conduct of his Yankee troops, I could not exactly say; but the only answer he made me, was, to go to the devil! As he said this, he put spurs to his horse and rode away;

and I had no opportunity afterwards of asking an explanation of the rather short answer he had given me.

The Irish are very numerous in the city of New-York—large cargoes of them being imported every year, by order of the Lord Mayor, to balance the Yankees. If it were not for this, the society would be intolerable, for the Yankees, like the Goths and Vandals, are constantly pouring from their hills and mountains, into the city; insomuch that the ancient and honest Dutch population are in great danger of being overwhelmed by the torrent. These Yankees are certainly the strangest people in the world; and there is no part of the world where they are not to be found.

But the old standard Dutch prefer any thing to a Yankee; hence, the Lord Mayor, who is generally a Dutchman, is so careful every year to import great numbers of the Irish. By this judicious policy, he is able to outvote the Yankees, and thus make sure of his own election. Great fault is found in consequence of this Irish influence, and some regulations have been enacted in the State Congress, where the Yankees have considerable sway, to prevent foreigners from voting as soon as they arrive. But the go-

vernment of the city snap their fingers at these enactments; and whenever they want to carry any important measure, they forthwith order a new importation of Irish, and thus vote the Yankees down.

CHAPTER IX.

GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK—ELECTIONS—POLES—SHAKSPEARE HOTEL—MY VOTE FOR ALDERMAN REJECTED—PREJUDICES AGAINST THE ENGLISH.

THE government of the city of New-York is strictly republican; the Lord Mayor being chosen yearly, and the Aldermen once in six months. The elections present the most curious scenes imaginable. The *poles*, as they are called—by reason, I suppose, of the votes being presented to the inspectors on the end of a long pole, it being impossible, in consequence of the crowd of sovereign people, to get nearer than two rods—the poles, I say, are held usually at some public house, on the corner of a street; where those who vote well—that is, attend regularly every day of the election, and vote as they are directed—are treated to as much beer and whiskey as they can drink. The beer, however, as I had occasion to know, is very miserable stuff, being quite inferior to that brewed in England.

I attended one of these elections, and offered my

vote. It was at the Shakspeare Hotel, so called in consequence of its being kept by a grandson of William Shakspeare, the immortal bard of Avon. It pained me to the heart to think that the descendant of so renowned a man should be reduced by necessity to engage in so humble an occupation as that of tavern-keeping, and especially among so rude and uncivilized a people as these democratic Americans.

But, however, as I said, I offered, my vote. It was for the Alderman of the second ward. The opposing candidates were, a Yankee, by the name of Sharp—a very appropriate name; and a Dutchman who was called Van Wykoff. For my part, I inclined to the Dutchman, though I never saw him in my life, and never heard of him till the time of the election. But I did not like the name of Yankee; and so I offered my ballot, inscribed with the name of the Dutch Candidate. It was just about to be received; when a very savage, ill-looking fellow, called in question my right of voting, and asked me if I was a citizen of the United States,

"Certainly," I replied, "I've now been here upwards of three days; and if that does not constitute a citizen, I must confess I am ignorant of your laws."

"Then you are ignorant indeed," said he, "for our

laws require a foreigner to have been in this country five years before he can become a citizen."

"If that's the case," said I, "you may choose your own aldermen, and be hanged to you, for what I care." Thus having showed, what I considered, a proper resentment, I turned my back upon them, and never offered to aid at any of their elections afterwards. I cannot help thinking my vote was slighted because I was an Englishman, for I heard several Irishmen boasting that they had voted in two days after their arrival. But the Americans are no friends to the English, particularly ever since they whipped them so at the famous battle of Saratoga.

CHAPTER X.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN NEW-YORK—PARK THEATRE—POVEY—PLASSEED—MISS KEMBLE—THE ANDERSON RIOT—PUMPKINS, GLASS BOTTLES, ETC.—A CORPS OF SPITTERS—EFFECT OF MRS. TROLLOPE'S BOOK.

THERE are no public buildings of much note, in the city, except Park Theatre and the Bridewell. The former of these was built by the Dutch, in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the Second. This is very evident to the most casual observer of its architecture, which is certainly very unique; and if it be not of the real Gothic-Dutch style, I know not what to call it.

This elegant edifice is situated a little to the east of the Park, which belongs to the Lord Mayor. Hence it is called the Park Theatre. It is at present under the management of Mr. Simpkins, assisted hy one Price. Nevertheless, I could not find that the price, as one would suppose, was at all uniform; for the first night I attended, they only charged me

half a dollar for the pit; whereas, the next time, on going into the boxes, I was compelled to pay a dollar. However, I generally preferred the pit, not only on account of its cheapness, but because it is there that the most respectable persons are to be found—particularly the critics, and all men of judgment, taste, and sound discretion.

The principal performer at this theatre, and indeed the only one who has given it much eclat, is the celebrated Mr. Povey. His forte is chiefly in the higher walks of the mellow-drama; though he sometimes condescends to appear in tragedy. He is a man of rather small stature; but like the immortal Garrick, he appears to grow with his subject, and becomes actually great on great occasions.

There is one Mr. Plasseed, who is much admired and lauded by the Americans; but for what reason, except that he is a native, I could never understand. He could play nothing but comedy, and that with so little art or skill, that I'll be hanged if he did not make me think I actually saw the natural character before me, instead of a well-trained and accomplished performer.

I saw Miss Kemble on the Park boards. But I was

very much disappointed. Whether it was that the atmosphere of this republican country had a deteriorating influence; or whether she did not think it necessary to exert herself before an American audience, I know not; but certainly her acting was quite inferior to what I had often seen it on the London boards.

While I am on this subject, I cannot help mentioning a very disagreeable riot, that took place at the Park Theatre, on account of the celebrated vocalist, Mr. Anderson. It seems, that in crossing the Atlantic, he had very liberally and gratuitously d——d the Yankees, as every Englishman has a right to do. This was his only offence; and yet the Americans took it so much in dudgeon, that they swore he should never perform on their stage. Accordingly, they laid their plans; and, on the first night of his appearance, they went in a solid body, prepared with apples, oranges, pumpkins, glass bottles, and other missiles, to pelt him from the boards.

As soon as he made his appearance, they cried, "Off! off!" and the first he knew, by George, he knew nothing; for dash came a large pumpkin against his head, and stretched him lifeless on the floor. In this condition, he was carried behind the scenes;

where, after a liberal use of hartshorn and brandy, he recovered.

Not willing to be driven off in this way, with true English spirit, he ventured once more upon the stage. But the wrath of the Americans was not yet appeased. They next assailed him with apples, glass bottles, and the like; crying out, at the throwing of each missile, "There's for you! Mr. John Bull. Now d—n the Yankees, will you?"

These missiles, however, he contrived to dodge very well, for he is a man of great agility. But what annoyed him most, was, a corps of spitters—who, being amply provided with tobacco, had stationed themselves in the stage boxes; from whence they squirted their villanous juice with such effect, that in a very short time, he was fairly drenched with it. Besides, his eyes were filled with the acrid substance, which some of the most expert marksmen among the spitting corps, had aimed so exactly as to shoot into them. This being a mode of attack, which he was altogether unaccustomed to, he was finally driven from the stage.

The Americans are certainly the most determined and persevering spitters that ever existed. But I am

told that Mrs. Trollope has effected a very considerable change in this respect; and that many persons who, previous to the publication of her book, were very notorious offenders, have since entirely abandoned the filthy practice. Indeed the Americans are under very great obligations to that much abused lady, whose very name is now a terror to evil-doers, and which they hear prouounced with the same affright that a naughty child does that of the most terrific bug-bear, or a naughty man does that of Old Nicholas himself. Would that these humble pages might contribute in any measure, to aid the reformation so happily begun.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW-YORK BRIDEWELL—CRUELTY OF THE AMERICANS TO THE EX-MAYOR OF LONDON—I VISIT HIM IN PRISON, AND THROUGH A SLIGHT MISTAKE, AM NEARLY THROTTLED TO DEATH—HIS SEVERE BUT JUST INVECTIVE AGAINST THE WHOLE NATION.

I OBSERVED in the last chapter, that the Bridewell, next to the Park Theatre, was one of the principal public buildings in the city of New-York. It is situated in the Park, and is a very extraordinary specimen of architectural beauty and grandeur. The order I could not indeed well make out; but the materials, and the workmanship, all things considered, are very surprising; aud the New-Yorkers, as I am told they are, have just reason to be proud of it.

But not so of their conduct to a certain Englishman, whom they kept confined here, on suspicion of debt, and fed on nothing but bread and water. This unfortunate gentleman was no other than the celebrated Joseph Parkinson, Esq., Ex-Mayor of London.

He, like myself, being smit with the love of American institutions at a distance, had emigrated to the United States, to find all those flattering ideas he had once entertained, vanish into thin air. He had come to the country rich; but the Americans, with that dexterity for which they are renowned, were contriving every method, which Yankee ingenuity could devise, to fleece him of his money.

At one time, they would sue him for slander; and then, if he discovered so much of a manly spirit as to fall upon them, and beat them soundly, they would immediately prosecute him for assault and battery. I need not mention on what very trivial grounds various suits of both kinds were brought, nor in favor they terminated. Suffice it to say, that both judge, jury, and plaintiff were Americans, and that the defendant was a stranger and an Englishman.

Finding that they could not get entire possession of his money by means of these suits, the enemies of the Ex-Mayor next procured a commission of lunacy; seized upon all his notes, mortgages, bonds, and effects; and finally concluded by shutting him up in the Bridewell—not, however, until he had knocked

down the Sheriff of the city, five deputies, and ten constables; for he is a man of mighty strength, and has a fist that could easily floor an ox. But what, alas! can human, and even English strength avail, when exerted against vastly superior numbers? The Ex-Mayor was at length secured, and confined to the dungeons of the Bridewell!

In this situation I visited him. As I entered his cell, taking me no doubt, for one of his persecutors, he seized me by the throat and exclaimed, "You bloody villain you! who have you been murdering now? And what the devil do you want of me? Can no place in the world be free from your intrusions? Must you even follow me into my very dungeon, you infernal Yankee scoundrel you?"

"Hold! hold!" I exclaimed, nearly choked to death.

"Hold? Curse you! so I will hold," he replied, rather tightening than relaxing his grasp.

I should soon have gone for it, for I was now unable by speech to convince him of his mistake, had not the keeper interfered, and rescued me from his grasp. As it was, so severe had been the pressure of his fingers on my throat, that I carried the mark for

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I should soon have gone for it, for I was now unable by speech to convince him of his mistake, had not the keeper interfered, and rescued me from his grasp. As it was, so severe had been the pressure of his fingers on my throat, that I carried the mark for

three weeks. As soon, however, as the Ex-Mayor was made sensible of his error, he rendered a suitable apology for his violence; and understanding that I was an Englishman, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and invited me to to take a seat beside him on the cold stone floor of the dungeon.

"And so," said he, when he had sufficiently recovered from his emmotion, "here we are a couple of English fools together—fools! did I say? No, I'm merely a *lunatic*. At least, so the infernal savages of New-York, will have it—and they have put me into this cursed dungeon, for a madman. But, d—n 'em! they shall find I'm mad to some purpose—the base wretches and conspirators—I'll crush them and their machinations, before I've done—they'll get enough of the Ex-Mayor of London, or I'm mistaken. Here I've been kept for six months in this filthy jail, by the most diabolical conspiracy, that ever was hatched in the depths of h—ll. I, who have saved the lives of innocent people, condemned to death—I have become the victim of a conspiracy in a land of liberty! I came here, with the most enthusiastic feelings for the Americans—as I dare say you have, Mr. Fibbleton—but you're a d—d fool—you're a lunatic—you're more crazy than I am. As for these infernal

Yankees, the laws protect them in their villany. There is no more chance here for an Englishman, than there is for a cat in h—ll, without claws. The whole country is one great nest of lawyers and profligates. Under pretence of defending me from the charge of lunacy, they have laid a plan to prey upon me—to devour me—to eat me up. But I'll defeat the scoundrels yet—the villains, to dare to call themselves my friends! They are no friends of mine. I need no lawyers to defend me—I can defend myself—dont interrupt me sir—I wont bear interruption. I'm an English gentleman! a British subject! and these rascally Americans have no right to interfere with my property, even if I was mad. The character of this country, bad as it was before, is disgraced by their conduct to me. I will convict the whole nation of perjury, from the least to the greatest—from the lawyer to the judge—from General Jackson, down to Martin Van Buren. I like to punish rogues. I was put in jail for having thrashed a tailor—would to heaven I had thrashed him!—Previous to my coming here, I liked this country better than any country in the world—and now, the ungrateful wretches! the whole country have conspired against me. The press has libelled me. The courts have held nightly or-

gies, listening to vile slanders against me. But I'll bring their noses to the grindstone. Ah! when I was leaving England, the Marquis of Anglesea, and Sir William Curtis, shook me by the hand and said, "Parkinson, why do you leave us? why do you leave your native country, to go to an imaginary land." But, madman that I was! I came away. But I'm not mad now—I'm in my sober senses. Ah! since I've been in jail, Rowland Stephenson has been in New-York. He would not have dared to come here; but he knew that I was shut up in jail, for thumping a tailor, whom I never touched—otherwise he would not have come; lest he should have to disgorge my money—the rascally robber! the fugitive from justice! But here he is protected by the dumb-feed lawyers. The country have not energy to punish the numerous rogues that are in it. I have been beset by ruffians in prison—when I wanted the refreshment of a glass of beer, the scoundrel of a jail-keeper, denied me." *

The devil is said to be ever near, when you are talking about him; and so it happened in this case—

* The above speech, as near as we can recollect, very much resembles one we heard delivered by the ex-Sheriff of London in his defence before a certain court in this city; and we suspect the ex-barber must have mistaken the place where he heard it, as well as the name of the gentleman who delivered it. *Am. Ed.*

for the jailer was no sooner mentioned, than he appeared, and told the Ex-Mayor of London to desist from abusing him. At this, Parkinson flew into a violent passion, as he had reason to, and would have knocked the jailer down, could he have fairly reached him. But missing the jailer, he made a grab at me; when I dexterously moved myself out of his reach, and wondered he should think of using violence against a subject of His most Gracious Majesty.

"D—n His most Gracious Majesty!" he exclaimed—"what have I to do with him, I owe him nothing."

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "but methinks you owe him civility, if not allegiance."

Hereupon, he began to rave like a bedlamite, swearing he owed no man, either civility or allegiance. He exclaimed against every kind of government, against every country, and against the whole human race. After he had thus gone the world over, he returned back to me—calling me His Majesty's toad-eater; and demanding why I had come from England, if I liked the country so well? "However," said he, "Im glad you are in prison, but I don't want you in my room—so clear yourself out,

very quick—you're a greater fool than I, and that's needless. Out with you, I say!"

Finding the Ex-Mayor in this humor, I pretty soon made my exit. If he was not insane when put in, I am sure it was enough to make any man so, to be confined in that miserable dog-hole; and I have no doubt, but what the mad starts he exhibited, such as seizing me by the throat, d—ning His Majesty, and the like, were the effects of the persecutions he had suffered from these vile republicans.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCIPAL STREETS IN NEW-YORK—BROADWAY—OMNIBUSES—HOG-TEAMS—BOWERY—CHATHAM-ST.—ANECDOTE OF THE THEATRE—THAMES-STREET—MR. REYNOLDS—CENTRE-STREET—MAIDEN LANE, OCCUPIED ENTIRELY BY OLD MAIDS.

THE principal street in New-York is Broadway. It was so christened, I understand, by the clergymen, in consequence of so great crowds of people walking along it, as it were on the way to destruction. This was some years ago. The habits of its frequenters have somewhat improved since that time; but the street has got a name which it will not easily get rid of. It is, however, in the main, a very decent street, as well as a very long one.

But what most struck me, was the great number of omnibuses, or—as they call them here—stages, which constantly ply on this street. One of them in a particular manner I could not help noticing—partly from its peculiar structure—having five wheels—and partly

from its name—being called after Diederich Knickerbocker, the great Dutch Historian.

All these stages, however, are dignified with some name or other: one being called after General Gates, who was so severely flogged at Saratoga, in the revolutionary war; another is called after General Putnam, the famous Connecticut farmer, who, after performing a great many wonderful exploits, was finally carried by a she-bear to her den, and never afterwards heard of; another bears the name of General Jackson, who is now Chief President of the United States, to which high office he was raised in consequence of killing a few hundred British in a slight skirmish which happened at New-Orleans, just after the close of the last war.

But it would be endless to mention all the names of these vehicles. They are mostly drawn by horses. This, however, is not invariably the case, for I saw several which were moved by hogs. This may appear somewhat strange to the English reader; but I assure him it is no uncommon thing to see a dozen swine harnessed to one vehicle, crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. In fact, the swine make much the best and most profitaable teams: for

they are kept at less expense than the horses; and besides, when they are past labor, they are turned into pork for the use of the common people. I must say, however, that it seems cruel thus to slaughter these faithful animals, after they have labored long and hard for the benefit of their masters. But the Americans, as I had frequent occasion to observe, are very nearly, if not quite, destitute of all feeling.

Besides Broadway, another of the principal streets is called the Bowery; though why it is so called, I could not perceive, for there is neither tree, shrub, vine, nor any thing whereof to make a bower, in the whole street. The only thing worthy of note here is the rail road, which runs to a very famous establishment, called *Cato's*. To this place all the beauty and fashion of New-York repair; and it is to them what Ranelagh is to the people of London.

Chatham-street is named after the great Earl of Chatham; and is the resort of most of the dashing young blades of the city. The main object of these gentry, is to get rid of a superfluous watch, coat, or hat; and to get the money in exchange. The inhabitants of this street are mostly of the tribe of Judah; as any body may be satisfied by going into their

shops, as well on account of their dealings, as their long beards, which reach to the bottom of their waists. There is nevertheless, a Christian church in this street. It was formerly a theatre; and the manner in which it was converted into a church, or chapel, is somewhat curious. As near as I could learn, the case was this: One evening, in the play of *The Woman and the Devil*, when the representative of his Satanic Majesty was expected to appear, in came the real old Clooty himself, with all his paraphernalia of flames, brimstone, pitchfork, and the like. He did not indeed offer any sort of violence; he merely sat down, and crossing one leg over the other, deliberately lighted a segar on the end of his nose, and began to puff away. But his appearance was so much against him, that the people presently ran out of the theatre in a fright; and never afterwards could be induced to attend, until it was turned into a church; since which, as far as I could learn, the devil has never been known to appear, though considerable attempts have been made to raise him.

Next to Chatham-street, in point of dignity and importance, I should mention Thames-street. The name gives rise to agreeable associations in the mind of an Englishman. But what chiefly recommends it, is,

the house of Mr. Reynolds, an Englishman, and a great-grand-son of the distinguished painter, Sir Joshua. In fact, I understand he is no bungler at painting a face himself; though it is believed he colours rather high, particularly the nose. But painting is not professedly his occupation, for he keeps an ale-house. Here the only real English ale in the United States is to be found; and here all the principal men in New-York—I mean those who possess any taste—are wont to congregate. But I must confess it gave me pain to see this second instance of the descendant of a great man, obliged to follow so humble a calling, for subsistence, as that of ministering to the drouthy appetites of his fellow creatures.

Centre-street is so called, from its being the centre of business. This indeed is its chief recommendation; for it is neither clean, nor well located, if I may be allowed the use of a Yankee term. A long dirty canal runs through the middle of it; which, though scarcely deep enough for boats, affords ample water, such as it is, for the wallowing of swine—which when not harnessed to the stage-coaches, find an agreeable lounge in this muddy channel.

Maiden Lane derives its name from the remarka-

ble circumstance, of its being wholly inhabited by old maids. Those unfortunate persons, by a law of the city, are compelled, after they arrive to the age of thirty, to separate themselves from the rest of their fellow-beings, and reside wholly in this street. The penalty for the violation of this law, is, that whatsoever old maid is caught out of the prescribed limits—except for the necessary purpose of going to church, to market, or a shopping—shall be liable to be kissed by whatsoever old bachelor shall chance to meet her wandering from the said limits. Notwithstanding the severity of this penalty, however, I am told that there are very frequent violations of the law.

CHAPTER XIII.

SINGULAR MODE OF CLEANING THE STREETS—ACCUMULATION OF FILTH—EDITORIAL REMONSTRANCES—INDEPENDENCE OF THE CORPORATION—EFFECTS OF A COPIOUS SHOWER—PERILS FROM THE DIRT-MOUNTAINS—MODE OF LIGHTING THE STREETS.

THEY have a very singular mode of cleaning the streets in New-York,—which is no other than this. Each householder sweeps before his own door, lodging the dirt on the premises of his neighbor. His neighbor again does the like good turn for him, and sweeps back this dirt, together with his own, upon the premises from whence it originally came. And so they keep sweeping to and fro continually—each one accomodating his neighbor with his own dirt; and his neighbor in turn doing the like good offices for him.

The consequence, as may naturally be imagined, is, that the filth is accumulated moutain-high. Such being the case, it is exceedingly difficult for the stage-coaches, and other vehicles, to navigate through the streets. They are frequently upset by running

upon the side of one of these dirt banks; and great injury is done both to the vehicles and passengers.

The editors of the city papers are constantly berating the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, on account of this condition of the streets; but all to no purpose. His Lordship pays no attention to these complaints of the newspapers, and the Aldermen snap their fingers at the whole editorial corps. In fact, the only mode by which the streets of New-York are ever thoroughly cleansed, is, by the rain from heaven; and this can only operate effectually in those streets which have a considerable descent to the waters on each side of the city. Where the situation of the land is thus favorable, a smart shower will often do wonders, sweeping down whole mountains of dirt, and lodging them securely in the docks. It is no uncommon thing, in a copious shower—such as they have in America—to see these mountains come tumbling down, one after another, and overturning every thing in their way, until they reach their destination at the foot of the streets.

It is then a time of great danger, and the stoutest hearts are appalled at the fearful exhibition. Sentinels are then placed along the streets to warn passengers of their perilous situation. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, very serious accidents hap-

pen, to several of which I was an eye-witness during my short stay in the city.

I recollect, on one occasion, standing on the stoup, as they call it, of the Exchange Hotel, in Broad-street. I had turned aside thither, as I was passing, partly to avoid the rain, and partly to escape the danger of the dirt-mountains. And it was well I did, for I had no sooner secured myself, than down came one of these huge piles; and, notwithstanding the sentinels exclaimed, "Look out! look out!" two of the Greenwich stages, together with the drivers, and the old racks of horses, were swept away into the East river. Fortunately, the drivers were able to swim, and so they escaped with their lives. But the carriages and horses not being possessed of this happy faculty, were utterly lost. A hackney-coach and two wheel-barrows, were involved in the same catastrophe. In the hack was unfortunately a beautiful lady, who, though finally dragged out alive by the gallantry of an English sailor, lost her bonnet, her curls, and her teeth; which latter fell out of her mouth, in consequence of the horrible fright she underwent while the carriage was rolling, and tumbling, and whirling through the streets, on its passage to the river. The bonnet and one of the wheel-barrows were finally picked up in

Buttermilk Channel; but the curls and the teeth, together with the other wheel-barrow, the hackney-coach, and two dandies were never more seen.

The mode of lighting the principal streets is scarcely less singular than that of cleaning them. They have in America a species of insect, called a lightning-bug. It is not above an inch in length, from stem to stern, as sailors would say; and, during the night, carries a small lantern in its poop. With these singular insects, the city authorities light the streets—employing men nightly to catch them and fasten them by the neck to the various lamp-posts scattered up and down the city.

From the first quarter of the moon, however, to the last quarter of the same, these insect-lamps are not lighted, even though the weather should be cloudy, and the night as dark as Egypt: for the city authorities, though they every year lay out from two to three thousand dollars of the people's money for a Corporation dinner, are exceedingly economical in the matter of lighting the streets, as well as cleaning them.

CHAPTER XIV.

I SINK THE BARBER, AND GET INTO GOOD SOCIETY —SPEND MY MONEY LIKE A GENTLEMAN, BEGIN TO GROW SHORT, AND RESOLVE TO MARRY AN HEIRESS—OUT OF THREE CHARMERS, AM PUZZLED WHICH TO CHOOSE—MAKE A SELECTION, AND FALL INTO A DETECTION, WHICH IS FOLLOWED BY AN EXPLOSION.

I DID not, on my first arrival in New-York say a word about my tonsorial profession. I wished in the first place to learn something of the habits, manners, and customs of the people; and I thought my chance of getting into the higher circles would probably be best, if I sunk the barber and appeared before them in the character of an English gentleman. This title is sufficient to carry a man any where in America; and the ladies in particular are excessively fond of paying attention to such as bear it.

The soundness of a foreigner's pretensions is seldom looked into; and the followers of the most inferior craft in England, may pass very well for first rate

gentlemen in America, provided they boldly assume the air, dress, and pretensions of that class of men. I would not insinuate by this, that I think even the mechanics of England are inferior to people of the first rank in America. Far otherwise; and more especially such artists as myself, who have had the honor of being employed in the royal palace, and who have been favored with the countenance of His most royal Majesty.

Nevertheless, one is obliged to have some regard to the prejudices of the people he is among; and the leading republicans of America, notwithstanding their great pretensions to perfect equality among all ranks, would sooner be hanged than associate with an English barber, even though they knew he had figured in the royal palace, and been entrusted with the royal chin.

For these reasons, I concluded to sink the barber, and appear in the character of a gentleman. I had other motives too, which were not without their influence. I had heard how easily Englishmen might rise to fame and fortune in the new world; and I had some very extravagant, though rather vague ideas, of shortly becoming both a great and a rich man. How

this was to be brought about—whether it was to be accomplished by politics, or matrimony, or by what other mode, I had not well settled in my own mind.

Unfortunately while I was debating on this subject, my money was growing short. I had indeed brought with me a tolerable sum; but the Yankees have such a knack of getting away a foreigner's money, that, unless he is as rich as Crœsus, he will in a very short time find his pockets empty. Besides, in addition to my necessary expenses, I had laid out my money freely, and altogether like a gentleman, in wine, women, oysters, coach-hire, and the like; having formed acquaintance with several high bucks of New-York, who were perfectly willing that I should pay the sum total of all the expenses in which our common pleausures daily involved us.

I saw how my money was going; and began to think it advisable to pick up a stray heiress before my means were entirely spent. To tell the truth, I had two or three pretty creatures in my eye—I say pretty, because, though they had nothing to boast of in point of personal beauty, they were understood to be well endowed with solid charms—such as a prudent man, and especially a widower of thirty-seven, is naturally most anxious to secure.

But a man, who has several strings to his bow, may sometimes be in doubt which to use; and such was exactly my case. One of my lovely charmers was the daughter of a rich merchant, lately deceased. She was not above twenty-three; but was hump-backed and lame. Another was an ancient maidenly lady, who had, for upwards of thirty years, been reserving her hand and fortune, for the first gallant and enterprising individual, who should have the courage to claim them. The third, was a widow of orty, and was the best looking of the three.

I had ascertained, by a little judicious flirtation, that I could have either of them for the asking. In act, they were all vastly fond of me; and ready to pull caps, to see who should carry the day, by carrying me off. For my part, being a man of great gallantry as well as humanity, it was very painful to my feelings, to reflect that I could not marry them all; and that whenever I made my final selection, I should break the hearts of at least two of them.

But setting these feelings aside, I was in somewhat of a quandary which to choose. The widow, as I said, was the best looking of the three; but had not so much money as either of the others. The lame

hump-backed girl was both the youngest and richest; but on the whole I was rather inclined to the old maid, as being likely to die first. In fact my money was so far spent, that it was high time for me to make a selection. My pockets began to need a sudden recruit, and cried out for me to make an immediate bargain with one or the other of my charmers.

Having resolved upon the old maid, I repaired one evening to her house in order to make my declaration. I found her alone, and seizing the propitious moment, and her delicate hand at the same time, I fell on my knees and began to pour forth my whole soul in the accents of love. She at first turned modestly away to hide her blushes, but did not withdraw her hand. Taking this for a favorable omen, I pressed my suit with the utmost ardor—declaring how deeply I loved her, and urging her by every argument, which either ingenuity or gallantry could devise, to make me the happy man.

She at last smiled sweetly upon me, and was on the very point of opening her mouth to speak, when the door suddenly opened, and in came her rival, the widow. By heavens, what an explosion! As soon as she beheld me on my knees, she exclaimed—

"Well! well! Mr. Fibbleton, you're caught at last, are you?"

I felt myself caught indeed. I really liked the widow tolerably well, and had paid her more attention than either of her rivals; but, just at this time, I had rather have seen the devil himself than her. As it was, I endeavored to put the best face I could upon the matter. Getting up leisurely from my knees, I begged, in the coolest manner possible, to know to what happy circumstance I owed the pleasure of seeing her just at that particular time.

"Happy circumstance!" she exclaimed—"Yes, Mr. Fibbleton, I dare say you think it a happy circumstance, to break the heart of a poor widow, that you as good as promised—"

"Promised, ma'am! my conscience!"

"Your conscience!—You have no conscience. You've broke my heart—yes you have—you're a barbarous creature."

"*Bar-barber*-ous!" I exclaimed, struck with unaccountable amazement at the sound of the word. "Barber-ous! do you say," I repeated, gasping at the same time for breath. "Who t-t-told you I was a *barber?*"

"A barber!" screeched the old maid—"a barber pretend to make love to me!—a barber imprint his filthy kisses on my hand, and ask me to marry him—O! I shall faint—I shall faint—give me my smelling bottle, do! Oh, me! a barber!"

The widow set in too, and began to ring her changes on the barber. She wondered she could be so blind as not to be able to distinguish a barber from a gentleman. "Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed, "how very strange it is that decent people should be taken in by such low-lifed creatures! Faugh, how he smells!"

"Smells!" said I, beginning now to recover the free use of my tongue. "I'm sure, madam, it is pure musk as ever grew; besides if I smelt so very bad as you pretend, His Majesty would'nt have employed me as he did, for fifteen years, about his most gracious nose."

"Most gracious fiddlestick!" said the widow, turning up her own nose, "What do I care for His Majesty? or His Majesty's subjects? You are all a nasty set of creatures from the King downwards. What I wonder at, is, that I should have been for a moment

deceived by such a contemptible creature as you are. I might have known you was a barber, by those filthy mustaches."

"Filthy! do you call 'em?"

"Yes, indeed they are filthy," chimed in my late gentle dulcinea, the old maid; "and I'm shocked at myself for letting you presume to apply your filthy lips to my hand. Here, Rose!" speaking to a nigger girl, "fetch me some soap and water instantly. Augh! what nasty things mustaches are?"

"The devil!" said I, "ladies, you'll drive me mad. Do you mean to insult *me*, or the fashions of my country? The very first gentlemen, let me tell you, wear mustaches."

"The more fools they!" said the widow. "Oh, shocking! how could I endure a husband with mustaches? how could I bear to lay my head on the same pillow with such a beastly looking man?

"Oh, fie!" said the old maid—"don't mention such a thing; I would sooner sleep with the old cat, than with such a horrid looking creature."

"Well, ladies," said I, twirling my mustaches with great nonchalance, "your taste seems to be mightily

changed within the last half hour. A little while ago, by heavens, you were ready to eat me up, out of pure love."

"Eat you!" exclaimed the widow, spitting in the true American style, "I would as soon eat a toad as you."

"But a little while ago," resumed I, "you were ready to claw out each other's eyes for my sake; and now all at once, you join in abusing me. But I should like to be informed of one thing, and that is, how you discovered that I was a barber?"

"Why, you let out the secret yourself, not half an hour ago."

"Is it possible then, that you had no suspicion before, and that I have been such a fool as to betray myself? Well," continued I, exhibiting as much indifference as possible, "one thing I'm sorry for, and that is that I could'nt fairly have got possession of the fortune of one of you, before you had discovered my tonsorial profession. I could then have bid defiance to all your rudeness and incivility. Those may laugh that win."

"You'll never win," said the widow, "any thing better than a mop-squeezer. You pretend

to pass yourself off for a respectable man, and make love to a respectable woman! and all for money too!"

"I should be a fool indeed," said I, "to think of marrying a fat old widow of forty, or a lean old maid of fifty, unless they had something more to recommend them than their personal charms."

"A lean old maid of fifty!" screamed my virgin charmer—"get out of the house this instant, and never show your nasty whiskered face here again. Get out, I say, you brute."

With that, she seized the broom, and began to make demonstration of driving me out. The widow likewise joined in, by grasping the tongs.

Seeing my two lovely charmers thus disposed—and taking their demonstrations for a sufficient hint, that my presence was no longer desirable, I forthwith commenced a retreat, which I executed with as much order as the particular urgency of the case would admit.

In truth, these American women are altogether deficient in the virtues of politeness, civility and good-breeding; as well as in beauty, grace, and

other personal accomplishments; and, though I regretted it at the time, it is perhaps as well on the whole, that my matrimonial project was defeated.

CHAPTER XV.

I AM BLOWN—ADVERTISED IN THE NEWSPAPERS—SHUNNED BY GOOD SOCIETY—DESERTED BY MY ACQUAINTANCE—INSULTED BY WAITERS AND BOOT-BLACKS.

My tonsorial secret being in possession of two females, to think of further concealment, was now out the question. The thing was blown over the whole city the very next morning. Indeed it appeared in two or three of the morning papers, headed in different ways, and varying, according to the whim of the reporter, or the humor of the editor. In one of these papers, the paragraph ran thus:

"Barber-*ous*.—We understand that a most villanous trick has lately been played by an English *barber* on the honest unsuspecting people of this city. A fellow who calls himself George Fibbleton, *Esq*, has been for a few weeks past palming himself off amongst us for a *gentleman;* and so great has been the infatuation of the good people of New-York, that he was admitted on terms of intimacy, into the very

first circles. And what was the result? Why the ellow became so impudent, that he actually proposed marriage to one of the principal ladies of this city, and endeavored besides to inveigle the affections of two others. But the imposture was at length discovered. The barber was immersed in his own suds. We wonder the good people of this city, after being so often imposed upon by the Lord Mortimers, and other low-lifed impostors from Europe, will still continue to run after every stranger who sets his foot in this city."

The paragraphs in the other papers differed a little. One was headed, "THE EX-BARBER"—and stated in positive terms that I had carried off one of the richest young ladies in New-York—the amiable and beautiful Miss———; and that it was only after it was too late, that the unhappy young lady had discovered what a *barber*-ous trick had been played upon her.

The third was headed, "AN ENGLISH TRICK"—and set forth, that an artful impostor, disguised with whiskers and mustaches, had seduced the affections of three young ladies in New-York, all of whom he had promised to marry, and all of whom he had barbarously deserted, leaving them in a situation not to be described.

It professed to pity the young ladies and their friends; but finally concluded by saying, that they deserved no better, who, notwithstanding the many instances of a similar imposture, were ever ready to bestow their confidence and affections on any whiskered foreigner that came along, in preference to their own countrymen.

The effect of these reports was, to make my situation exceedingly embarassing and uncomfortable. My former genteel acquaintance all shunned me, as they would the yellow fever. Even my good friends among the city bucks, who had generously helped to spend my money, now entirely withdrew their countenance.

This was the unkindest *cut* of all, as Mark Anthony says, to be cut by my friends, after having shared my money with them to the last penny. But there was no help for it. The Ex-Barber to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain, was shunned by American dandies! They even went so far as to shave off their moustaches, which they had begun successfully to cultivate shortly after our first acquaintance. They were now ashamed to wear them, lest they should be reminded of their late intimacy with a barber.

But if my genteel acquaintance treated me with *silent* contempt, it was not so with the servants at the Castle, nor with other persons in a similar condition of life, who chanced to have some knowledge of my person. American servants are proverbially rude and uncivil; and I was not much surprised, the next morning after my unfortunate affair at the old maid's, to hear John, the boot-black, ask me if I intended soon to open a shop for polishing chins.

"What's that to you?" said I, "you uncivil knave!" and at the same time throwing one of my boots at his head.

He caught the boot in his hand, as he would have done a ball, and giving it back to me with the most provoking coolness said, "My only reason for axing you the question, is, that I take an interest in all such people as follow the trade of polishing; and if you open a shop, I should like to be on terms of good fellowship with you, as becomes folks who get their living by similar means."

"You,re an impudent scoundrel," said I, and if it was'nt beneath a man of my cloth to take notice of you, I'd knock you down with my boot."

"I would'nt have you take that trouble, Mounseer

Whiskerisky," said he—"whenever I want to be knocked down, I'll get a butcher to do it. I would'nt employ a barber. Howsomever, Mister, when you open a shop, I should like to change works with you."

"Change works! I'd have you to know, fellow, that an Englishman, who has had the honor of shaving His royal Majesty, is not to be put on a par with a Yankee boot-black.

"No! and why not? If you have shaved the King of England, I have blacked the boots of the President of the United States; and I'll bet you forty great apples, such as they have in the Bay State, that I made the old Prex's boots shine better than you did His Majesty's face."

"You impudent rebel!" said I, "do you pretend to compare the boots of your President with the royal countenance of the King of England?"

"Sartainly," said he, "the *understanding* of the old Prex, if it is made of luther, would'nt disgrace the head of any King whatsomever."

The ringing of the breakfast-bell now put an end to this discourse, and relieved me from the impertinence of the Yankee polisher of boots. But here my troubles, in consequence of the malicious exposure of my

tonsorial calling, did not end. Even the Irish waiters, who are in general remarkable for their civility, began to grow impudent. I had no sooner taken my seat at the table, than one of them coming to me said—

"Misther Barber, what'll I be helpin ye to?"

"My name is Fibbleton," said I, looking at him fiercely.

"Axin your pardon, Misther Fibbleton," said he, "I understood yer honor was called Barber; and I'm sure it's quite a respectable name that!"

"Don't trouble yourself about my name, sir," said I, with a tone of authority, "but fetch me some gréen tea and toast."

All the waiters seemed to eye me with a look of impudence, which I had never noticed before; and to glance at each other with an expression of peculiar meaning, as much as to say—The dashing Mr. Fibbleton is, after all, no better than one of us. But what most mortified me, was, that all the other guests seemed to get as far as possible from me at table. I could not endure this behavior, and I thought it became me to show a proper resentment.

"What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen?" said

I—" you seem all at once to avoid me as though I was affected with the Scotch fiddle."

" Worse than that," said one of them—" you are not affected with so respectable a disease."

"Disease!" I exclaimed fiercely, " what do you mean to insinuate?"

" Merely," he replied, " that dishonesty and imposture are more disgraceful than the itch."

Thus saying, he rudely left me, while my fingers itched to follow after and knock him down. But on the whole I concluded that discretion was the better part of valor; and so, after d—ning him for an unmannerly Yankee puppy, I let him go.

CHAPTER XVI.

I AM KICKED OUT OF THE CASTLE—COMMENCE BARBER IN BROADWAY—MY ESTABLISHMENT ATTRACTS GREAT ATTENTION—REMARKS OF PASSERS-BY—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN *X*-BARBER AND A *Q*-BARBER—MY RESOLUTION OF WRITING A BOOK CONFIRMED.

"RARE are solitary woes," says the immortal poet Young; and, "troubles never come alone," says some other great man, I forget who. For my own part, in addition to my other vexations, the commandant of the Castle began to press me for money which it was not in my power to pay him. I was obliged to refuse of course, which I did at first in the civilist manner possible. He urged me still, and hinted something about the trick, which he averred I had played, by passing myself off for a gentleman, when I was nothing more than a barber.

"We never inquire," said he, "in this country, into a man's occupation. If he appears decently, behaves himself well, and acts honestly, that is all we

ask of him. But an impostor we despise." As he said this, "mine host," without giving me the least opportunity to defend myself, or so much as open my mouth in reply, put his foot deliberately in my rear, and kicked me into the street. Such is the state of American manners, even among the best of people!

No longer admitted within the pale of genteel society, and destitute of the means of procuring my bread, I was now obliged to act the barber, whether I would or no. Making therefore a virtue of necessity, I procured a room in Broadway, erected a striped pole thirty feet high, and hung out a flaming sign—representing myself as the celebrated Mr. Fibbleton from London, Ex-Barber to His Majesty the King of Great Britain.

My establishment, as might well be expected, drew the attention of every body; partly on account of its splendor, and partly on account of the name of the proprietor. Passers-by stopped to gaze at the altitude of my pole, and the magnitude of my sign. "Fibbleton! Fibbleton!" said one, "I wonder if that is'nt the same fellow that passed himself off in good society for a gentleman, and was all the go for some time among the beaux and belles?"

"Aye," said another, "and came near marrying the rich Miss ———; and was finally driven out of the house with the broom and tongs?"

"Yes," said a third, "and was afterwards kicked headlong from the tower of Holt's Castle?"

"The same, the very same," said a fourth. "I saw him one evening at Mr. ——'s, where there was a splendid party. The ladies were all agog for him. It was nothing but Mr. Fibbleton! Mr. Fibbleton!"

"Yes," said a fifth, "and it was the same at another party where I was present. The ladies were all ready to die for Mr. Fibbleton—the elegant and accomplished Englishman. Is'nt he a dear charming man! said one. What grace—what elegance, in all his movements! How very different from the hum-drum fellows of America!—True, said another, he is a perfect specimen of a gentleman—I should like him better, however, if he was a little grain younger.—Oh! for my part, said a third, I should'nt want him a minute younger—he's just the right age to a T— so manly in his looks!—such delightful whiskers and mustaches! Oh! I do admire his countenance of all things.—So do I, said a fourth—but, heighho! we can't all marry him. Such was the

estimation in which this English *barber* was lately held. It is indeed surprising that Americans, and especially New-Yorkers, will be such dupes to foreign cheats and impostors."

Every body had some observation to make respecting me or my establishment.

"The celebrated Mr. Fibbleton!" said one, eyeing my sign most contemptuously—"I wonder what he's celebrated for?"

"Why, don't you see he's an *Ex*-barber?" said another.

"*X*-barber!" retorted the first, "he may be a *Q*-barber, for what I care."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the second, "good! very good!—you're quite a punster, faith. But what I understand by ex-barber, is, that he's an extraordinary barber—or, as they say of plenipotentiaries, that he's a barber extraordinary; or in other words, that he is a touch above the common shavers."

"Your interpretation," said the first, "is rather strained. Now I should take it, that an X-barber was one who was near the bottom of the alphabet."

"But observe, he was ex-barber to the King of England."

"So much the more likely then that he should be at the bottom of the list: for doubtless the King keeps as many barbers as there are letters in the alphabet; and this famous Mr. Fibbleton, I'll bet you a fippenny bit, as they say in the Jarseys, was neither more nor less than shaver to His Majesty's monkeys, and was never allowed to come within forty yards of the royal phiz."

"Well, have it as you will," said the second—"one thing I know, he'll never trouble my beard."

Others took occasion to make impertinent remarks on the sound of my name. They were fond of playing upon the first syllable. "*Fib-Fib*-bleton!" said one—"that sounds ominous."

"I dare say," said another, "the name is indicative of its owner—he's undoubtedly some lying rascal."

"You may well say that," said a third, "for he's the Fibbleton that lately made so much noise in good society—palmed himself off for some English lord, or count, or duke, or some other of the royal family."

"I could have sworn so," said the second, "by the very sound of his name. It indicates a person who would rather lie than tell the truth, a plaguy sight. I'll warrant you now, he'll go home by and by, and

publish a book about us Yankees, like that ugly trollop, and that lying fiddler, and other good-for-nothing Englishmen that we hear about."

"As like as not," said the first, and so they moved on.

"If those are your apprehensions," thought I, "my sweet fellows, you're probably more than half right. It is altogether likely I may publish a work on America, as well as my betters. Though I am a barber, that is no reason why my name should not be immortalized in the world of letters. There is an Ashe, a Fearon, a Hall, a Trollope, a Fiddler; and though last, perhaps not least, there may also be added a Fibbleton. Yes my sweet fellows!" continued I, again alluding to the Yankees, "you have certainly some cause for apprehension; and since you have impudently hinted that I was a liar, you must not blame me if I should take advantage of the hint. A good idea in faith, and I'll improve it."

While I was revolving these things in mymind, and chewing the cud of revengeful resolution, as Shakspeare says, two or three other persons came along, one of whom proposed to step in and get shaved.

"Did you ever try this new barber?" asked another.

"No," said the first, "but I've a great mind to go in, and see what kind of a fist he makes of shaving."

"Oh, he's a first rate shaver," said a third "there's no doubt about that. Don't you see he's ex-barber to the King of Great Britain?"

"I see he is," returned the second—but that's no sign."

"It's *on* his sign though," said the third," if I can read right."

"What I mean, is," replied the second," that it's no sign he understands shaving, because he's barbered the King of England."

"I think it is a pretty good sign," said the first, "for the King of England would'nt have a bungler to shave him. At any rate, I've a great notion of trying this Mr. Fibbleton."

"Well, you may try him for all me," said the second—"I would'nt trust my throat with a monarcher: nobody shall barber me but a true republican."

"No? Why, do you think he would cut your throat?"

"There's no knowing what he would do. He shuffled himself off for a gentleman among the grandees of the city, and stole the hearts of six women to boot: and a man that will lie, and cheat, and steal, won't stick at commiting murder, on a pinch."

"There's something in that to be sure. But this stealing of women's hearts after all is quite different from stealing other goods; and as for passing himself off for better than he was, that was the fault of them that were such fools as to be deceived by him."

"Well, you may be deceived by him too, I think as like as not he was sent out to this country on purpose to cut the throats of us Americans."

"Do you think so?"

"I do indeed."

"Well, for my part, I can't believe any body would be so wicked. However, I think on the whole, I'll let somebody else try him first, before I trust my throat with him."

CHAPTER XVII.

I GET A STRANGE CUSTOMER—A SORT OF WILD MAN OF THE WOODS—A TRUE SPECIMEN OF THE YANKEES—SLIPS THROUGH MY FINGERS—TRY MY NEW SHAVING MACHINE ON A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN—AN UNLUCKY ACCIDENT, AND A NEW SPECIMEN OF YANKEE RUDENESS

"THE new broom sweeps clean," says the proverb; and if every body is not perfectly satisfied of the truth of this wise saw, many persons at least are ready to give the new broom a trial. This fondness for novelty, notwithstanding the prejudices mentioned in the last chapter, procured me some customers. They were disposed to try what the Ex-Barber to His Majesty could do in the way of shaving. Besides, perhaps even the notoriety I had gained, by being expelled from good society and kicked out of the Castle, induced some persons to enter my shop.

The first that came in, to enjoy the benefit of my skill, had a beard, I should judge, of at least a month's growth. "What'll you ax to trim me?" said he.—

"Trim you!" said I—"how do you mean?" "I mean," said he, drawing his hand over his bristly chin, "what'll you ax for takin off my baird?"

"Ah, shaving, you mean—why I shall charge you a shilling."

"A shillin!" he exclaimed with great astonishment —"why, I can get trimmed in this city as slick as a whistle, for three cents; and none of the American barbers pretend to ax more than sixpence."

"I can't help that," said I, "my price is a shilling. I'm none of your American barbers, recollect. I'm Ex-Barber to the King of Great Britain. I've had the honor of shaving His most gracious Majesty."

"And did His most gracious Majesty give you a shillin a time for taking off his baird."

"More than that," I replied.

"More!" exclaimed he, "more than a shillin a time!—Then, by gings, he's a greater fool than I took him to be. But how often did he git shaved?"

"Every day, of course."

"Every day! and give a shillin a time?"

"He did'nt pay me by the single time—but by the year."

"Well, all I can say is, His Majesty must be a tar.

nal fool, to throw away his money after that sort. But won't you trim me for three cents?"

"Three cents!" said I, beginning to get angry at the fellow's importunity—"why, confound your narrow Yankee soul! have you the impudence to expect an Ex-Royal barber will shave you for the contemptible price of three cents? That would be a pretty business indeed for a man, who, in in his own country, never stooped to shave any thing below the royal face, and that at a noble yearly stipend!"

"Why, you know best about that, Mister; but I don't see, for my part, why you should come away from England, if you found the royal face so profitable?"

"Why, I came here for the benefit of you rascally Americans," said I, for I had no disposition to gratify the fellow's impertinence—"I came here to show you the art of shaving in the true genteel English style."

"The rascally Americans are much obliged to you indeed," said he; "but they won't give you a shillin a time for trimmin, I can tell you."

"I have a new invention for taking off the beard."

"Some patent way I suppose. But how doe it go?"

"By steam."

"What! take off a man's baird by steam? I should like to see that operation."

"Well, just sit down, and you may see it and feel it too."

"But what'll you ax though?"

"I've told you my price."

"I can't give you a shillin no how. I never give but three cents. Howsomever, as my baird is pretty long now, and I want to try your new ingine, I don't care if I give you sixpence."

"Well, sit down," said I, for I was anxious to try my new machine; and, besides, I did not wish to lose custom by getting the name of charging too high.

The fellow sat down, and waited patiently until I got my machine in a favorable position to operate on his chin, when seeing the razor begin to play, he drew back his head in affright, and exclaimed—"Stop! Mister, stop!—that razor looks tarnal pokerish, playin up and down like a swinglin knife."

"Never mind," said I, "it's perfectly safe."

"I don't know, I swaggers," said he, "I'm most

afraid to trust it. It plays up and down amazin careless. By gorry, you, I'm afraid it'll cut off my nose instead of my baird."

"I tell you," said I, "it's perfectly safe—besides, if it should cut off your nose, I'm able to pay for it."

"Darn me, if I'd trust you," said he, and springing up, he ran out of the shop, and I never saw him more.

My next customer was not so cautious. He was a great advocate for labor-saving machines, and had full faith in the careful operation and judicious behavior of my new shaving apparatus. He sat down, and I set my machine to work. It shaved one side of his face with marvelous despatch; but, in doubling the nasal promontory, some how or other the edge of the razor, (which was one of Rodgers's best,) came in contact with his nose, and unfortunately made a frightful gash in the end of that important organ. He roared out lustily for me to stop the steam; which while I was endeavoring to effect, he became impatient, overthrew the machine, and knocked me down.

"Curse your new-fangled contrivance!" said he, "you've ruined my nose."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, getting up, and applying the puff to the bleeding organ—"I assure you, sir, it was purely accidental. I never knew the machine to make such a mistake before. I'm very sorry indeed it so happened. But if you'll sit down again, I'll insure you against further accidents, while I complete the operation entirely to your satisfaction."

"I've had enough of your operations," said he, gruffly, "to satisfy me for one day;" and with that, giving me a rude push with his hand, which sent me quite to the other side of the shop, he took his leave without so much as saying, good bye sir, or making me any sort of acknowledgment for the civility I had shown him.

Such is the rude and savage behavior of these untutored republicans! An Ex-barber to His Majesty was knocked down and rudely pushed about, merely because, in performing a tonsorial operation, by the merest chance in the world, he made a small gash in the nose of an American citizen! It was too bad. It was insufferable. But what was I to do? How was I to obtain redress? There is neither law nor gospel in America; and as for settling affairs in an

honorable way, there was no use in attempting it—for these Yankees wont fight, as I had reason to know, when I challenged the entire garrison at the Castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM RUINED IN MY TONSORIAL PROSPECTS—DISGUSTED WITH AMERICA, AND CURED OF RADICALISM—AM TEMPTED TO TURN RAT-CATCHER—FIERCE AND SAVAGE CHARACTER OF THE NEW-YORK RATS—TRY VARIOUS NEW MODES OF RAISING THE WIND, IN ALL OF WHICH I FAIL, THROUGH THE IGNORANCE AND PREJUDICES OF THE AMERICANS.

THE unfortunate operation of my shaving machine, as recorded in the last chapter, entirely ruined my prospects in the tonsorial way. It was presently reported all over the city, that I had cut off the nose of a respectable gentleman, under pretence of shaving him. The newspapers had it too. They declaimed against me as the notorious Fibbleton, who, after being guilty of imposing myself upon the good people of New-York for a gentleman, ruining three ladies of respectability, and being kicked out of good society, had undertaken to revenge myself by cutting off the nasal organ of one of the most respectable citizens. Some of the papers moreover hinted

that I was an emissary from the British government, despatched to America with secret instructions to use my art to the best advantage in disfiguring the faces of the staunch republicans of that country.

Exaggerated and ridiculous as all these reports were, they seem nevertheless to have been believed by the citizens of New-York, for no person thenceforth entered my shop; and I was obliged to think of some other mode of raising the wind.

It may well be supposed, that by this time I was thoroughly sick of republican institutions, and perfectly satisfied that America was no place for me. Such supposition is entirely correct. I was obliged to acknowledge to myself, however mortifying the fact, that I had been egregiously deceived; that I had formed altogether an erroneous estimate of America, both in respect to its soil, climate, and productions; as well as to the nature of its government, the wisdom of its institutions, and the character and manners of its people. I confess I was no longer a radical. I was not even a whig. I had verged completely to the opposite side in politics. Such was the effect of a few weeks' residence in the United States, including my observations on men and manners, and especially my

severe disappointments in my several attempts to mend my fortune.

I was, however, destitute of cash, and it was necessary for me to try some mode of replenishing my pockets. I thought of various projects for this purpose. At one time, I had half a mind to turn rat-catcher, and make my fortune by that business; which I am very well persuaded I could have done, as I had often witnessed the mode employed by His Majesty's official, in destroying the vermin of the royal palace. I was the more inclined to think of this business, from observing the vast number of rats with which New-York was infested. Every house, shop, store, and office was filled to overflowing with these detestable vermin. The public offices, in a particular manner, as I was informed, were overun with them. The people complained much of this, and every year made considerable efforts for their expulsion—relying chiefly on sundry bits of paper, which they inserted into various holes, but which had no effect whatever on these rascally vermin.

But, numerous as the rats in New-York were, I would not have the reader think they were comparable to our English rats. They were neither so large nor so fat. They were a lean, hungry, fierce, unci-

vilized set of creatures as ever a house was pestered withal. They were not like the sleek Anthony, but like the lean Cassius; they did not sleep o' nights, as I had occasion more than once to experieuce, when they ran galloping in troops over my bed; or kept me awake by gnawing through a neighboring partition, or making an attack upon my ears, fingers and toes. In fact, so ravenous were they, and such was the strength of their teeth, that nothing came amiss. They would make their way with incredible speed through the thickest and toughest plank, and even, if I was rightly informed, have often been known to gnaw through solid iron.

Such being the number and character of these villanous rats, I have no doubt but some shrewd English rat-catcher might make his fortune, by establishing himself in New-York. As I said before, I was strongly tempted to take up the business myself, and I have not the least doubt but I might have made money by it. I could not, however, on reflection bring myself to adopt so low a calling, even in a temporary emergency. A man, who had been barber to the King of England, could not descend to the degradation of catching rats for the rascally republicans in Amer-

ca. I was obliged therefore to think of some other mode of raising the wind.

I finally concluded to give lectures on the theory and practice of shaving; and for that purpose I inserted a flaming advertisement in the papers, stating that Mr. Fibbleton, Ex-Barber to his Majesty the King of great Britain, would, at such a time and on such terms, commence a course of lectures on the art, trade, and mystery of smoothing chins. My first lecture being gratis, as is common in America—I had a crowded audience. This looks flattering, thought I to myself. But I had scarcely risen, and uttered a few sentences, when a whole volley of brick-bats was suddenly discharged at my head. They came right and left, front and rear. At first I attempted to dodge them; but finding this a rather difficult task, I next began to expostulate, and asked wherefore an Englishman, who had had the honor of shaving His royal Majesty, and who had now met them for the purpose of explaining the importance of the tonsorial information he intended to communicate in his future course, should be thus rudely assailed by a parcel of boys and blackguards?

"We are no boys, nor blackguards neither," said they, letting fly another volley—"but respectable men

and good citizens. We want nobody to teach us the art of shaving; and especially a man who could'nt take off a gentleman's beard without slicing off his nose.

Finding there was no use in contending against the prejudices of these rude and uncivilized people, I took my hat, and bidding them good night, left them to the misery of their own ignorance, rudeness, and self-conceit. I am convinced that the ill treatment I suffered on this occassion, was owing to a combination of barbers, who, being aware of my superior pretensions to skill in the tonsorial art, were instigated by envy and jealousy to drive me from the field. Such is the boasted liberality of these self-styled republicans!

I next proposed to set up a school of manners, in which these people being profoundly ignorant, I thought to myself I could not fail to succeed. But it is one thing to need instruction, aud another to desire it. These rude and ignorant Yankees would not listen to my proposals for improving their manners: they had the insolence to declare that they knew how to behave themselves as well as any Englishman whatever, and much better than an English barber; and wondered how any man, who had been thrust out of

good society, kicked out of his hotel, and had cut off a man's nose under pretence of shaving him, should ever think of showing his face again amongst decent people; much more that he should undertake to teach them good manners. Such are the prejudices and self-conceit of these uncivilized republicans!

Having thus utterly failed in this project, I next proposed to teach the French language. I was not indeed a critical master of that language, having never learned it from books; but I had once made a tour to Paris, where I had spent three weeks, and I considered my knowledge fully sufficient to enable me to succeed with the ignorant Americans. But here again I found the prejudices of these rascally people altogether insuperable. They even pretended to doubt my knowledge of the *English* language, which they averred was spoken with much greater purity by the "guessing," "reckoning," "calculating," and "expecting" Yankees, than by the English themselves; and they wondered how a low-lifed, contemptible barber, as they effected to call me, who could not even speak his own tongue correctly, should ever take into his head so extravagant an idea as that of teaching French to the best informed and

most enlightened nation on earth; and they again reminded me of my unlucky expulsion from good society, my retreat from the Castle, and my barbarous operation, as they were pleased to term it, on the nose of an American citizen.

CHAPTER XIX.

I AM DRIVEN TO EXTREMITY—TEMPTED TO DOFF THE ENGLISHMAN—UNFEELING CONDUCT OF MY LANDLADY—I AM IN DANGER OF MATRIMONY, OR A PRISON—RESOLVE ON SUICIDE—THROW MYSELF INTO THE DOCK—AM RESCUED BY A MEDDLESOME YANKEE SAILOR.

HAVING thus failed in all my projects for raising the wind, I had half a mind to shave off my whiskers and mustaches, change my small-clothes and gaiters for pantaloons, assume a new name, appear in the character of an American, and offer myself in the humble capacity of a journeyman barber. But, on second thoughts, I could not bring myself to so degrading a step. I did not forget the dignity I had enjoyed as operator upon the royal chin; I did not forget that I had been at the head of the tonsorial department; I did not forget the glory with which the name of Fibbleton was connected in my own country; I did not forget the admiration with which my whiskers and

mustaches, and especially my small-clothes and drab gaiters had been regarded by the ladies of New-York on my first arrival; in a word, and to sum up all proud remembrances in one, I did not forget that I was an Englishman, and still a subject of His most gracious Majesty.

Considering all these things, I say, I determined to maintain my dignity to the last—to stick to my small-clothes and gaiters, as long as they would stick to me; to sport my mustaches and my whiskers as long as life should support me; and never change my name or degrade my profession, for so paltry a consideration as the mere enjoyment of meat, drink and lodging.

Paltry do I say! It was not so paltry neither to a man who had been accustomed to the roast beef and brown ale of Old England; for though it was impossible to find any thing to compare with said roast beef or brown ale, in all America—as I knew by sad experience—yet it was requisite by some means or other to keep soul and body together, otherwise they must part. The last farthing of my money was expended, and credit could no longer be obtained. My new shaving machine, together with all my razors,

soap, lather-brushes, and whatever belonged to my shop, had been seized for rent; and my landlady, with whom I had taken lodgings after my expulsion from the Castle, threatened to cast me into prison, if I did not either marry her, or pay my bill.

Alas! what an alternative! To discharge my bill was utterly out of the question, for want of money; and to marry the old widow, was little less so, for want of inclination. She was not rich like my former charmers; besides she had a nose like a red pepper, and three hair moles bristling on her chin. Then, moreover, she was addicted to eating snuff and chewing tobacco.

I had never been particularly gallant to this old dame; at least, I am quite positive I had never promised her marriage; and it may well be supposed I was not a little astonished at the proposed alternative. I reccollected the case of poor Goldsmith, who was threatened with a like catastrophe, in case he did not marry his landlady; and was rescued by the sale of the Vicar of Wakefield.

But, alas! what was I to do? I had then written no book, though I was determined on the present work; and my landlady was so urgent, either threat-

ening the chains of Hymen on the one hand, or the bars of a prison on the other, that I knew not what to do. I would sooner have married the devil's dam than my amorous old landlady; and the alternative was not to be thought of.

I tried to borrow money of some of my countrymen. I had too contemptible an opinion of the Yankees to apply to them; besides, when I considered their utter selfish and money making disposition, I concluded the application would be vain. But my own countrymen, thought I, will not see a brother Englishman immured in a jail, or compelled to marry an old woman with a red-pepper nose, a bristly chin, and one who eats snuff and chews tobacco.

But I was mistaken. One of them, in answer to my request, plead poverty. Another told me I was a fool for coming to America. A third—a fellow who had become quite Yankeefied, and had married an American wife—took the liberty to find fault with my conduct since my arrival in the country; and declared that any man, who behaved himself so scandalously as I had done, deserved no better than to go to jail, or to marry an odious wife. In short, none of my countrymen would lend me a farthing.

I finally concluded to get rid of my debt and the old widow together, by killing myself. I accordingly, after writing a letter to inform my friends at home of my awful catastrophe, went to my trunk to get out my pistols; but, ah! as ill luck would have it, I had pawned them the week before. As shooting was therefore out of the question, I resolved to cut my throat; but, alas! on looking for my razors, I recollected they had been seized some time before for rent. I must hang myself, thought I; but in feeling in my pocket for my handkerchief, whereof to make a rope, I chanced to remember that I had also pawned that along with my pistols. I must drown myself then, said I; wherefore I rushed from the house, ran with all haste to the dock, and cast myself in.

But, ah! as fate would have it, I was not fated to drown. I hope it is not ominous of a less respectable end. However that may be, I had no sooner touched the sweet-smelling mud of the dock, and begun to fancy the eels and the cat-fish were dining upon me, than souse! came a fellow into the water after me. Thinks I to myself, my good fellow, I'll baffle your intentions at all events—I'll creep farther into the mud—neither the widow nor the jail shall

ever have possession of George Fibbteton. Accordingly I scratched like a mole to get deeper into the mud. But it was all in vain; the fellow seized me by the seat of my unmentionables, and though I plead hard to be left to my fate, he carried me unrelenting to the top of the water, where a boat was ready to take me in.

It seems a sailor, belonging to one of the American packets, heard the plunge, and being a meddlesome Yankee, he had no more politeness than to plunge after me, and defeat my purpose. I was no sooner placed upon the packet's deck, than I began to show a proper resentment, by asking the sailor what the devil he meant by meddling in the private affairs of a gentleman and a stranger? When instead of apologising for his conduct, he merely shook himself like a dripping New-Foundland dog, carelessly hitched up his pantaloons, rolled his quid from one side of his mouth to the other, and turned whistling away, as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. Such is the insolence of these rude and untutored Americans.

CHAPTER XX.

I MEET WITH AN IRISHMAN, WHO RECONCILES ME TO LIFE—PAYS MY LANDLADY'S BILL—AND ENABLES ME TO PROSECUTE MY TRAVELS, WITH A FIXED RESOLUTION OF WRITING A BOOK.

On board this vessel, whither I had been brought so much against my will, I chanced to meet with an Irishman, who had just arrived in America, and who in some measure reconciled me to life. I could not, however, forgive the soft blarney with which he treated the Yankees—for, I was no sooner lifted on deck by the rough sailor, than coming up, he seized the fellow round the waist and fairly hugged him, as if he had done a meritorious action—at the same time calling him a "a noble and ginerous man thus to risk his oun life for the life of a stranger." But I afterwards overlooked this, in consequence of his paying my landlady's bill, and thus relieving me from the fears of a jail, and from the worse fear of the fond arms of that withered inamorata.

Thaddeus O'Gallagher had been a farmer of some consequence in Ireland; but being a downright radical, he grew discontented with tithes, taxes, and all such blessings as the fostering care of the British government has ever kindly heaped upon that ungrateful country. He became disloyal, he sold his property, and, like many another discontented foreigner, emigrated to America.

He did not, however, like most other Irishmen, take up his abode in the city; but, soon after his arrival, set out for the country, with the intention of purchasing a farm. He urged me to accompany him.

"No," said I, I've had enough of America; and I shall return in the first Packet, provided always I can muster the means, in this d—d inhospitable land, to pay my passage."

"Manes!" exclaimed O,Gallagher, "faith, and is it that ye're wantin?" Then thrusting his hand into his breeches pocket, and hauling out a handful of sovereigns "Here's the yillow buys at yer sarvice, Misther Fibbleton, if so be ye're detarmined to recross the wather back agin. But sure, man, ye're gettin quite too soon dishearthened. Ye'll not be given up this blessed counthry without a fair thrial. Come, go wid me

to the big West, or a little beyond that, where farms are chape, and where we'll have all the land given to us to pay for buyin the rest."

"But I've no idea of turning farmer," said I, "if all the land in the country were given me. I am a member of the tonsorial profession, have had the honor of mowing the royal chin, and therefore could never think of sitting down to cultivate this rascally republican earth."

"Republican airth!" exclaimed the Irishman—"Faith, and that's the very raison that I mane to cultivate it. I'm a dare lover of yer rale thrue republikins, whether it be the land or the paple. Howsomever, if ye don't like to be afther cultivatin the sile, go wid me and live in me oun house, that is to be when I get it, and share me paraties, all the same as if they was yer oun."

I thanked Mr. O'Gallagher for this generous offer, which I concluded to accept in part. I agreed to accompany him some way on his journey: for as I had now laid aside the resolution of killing myself, and my design of writing a book having revived in full force, I thought it would be quite advisable to see a little more of the country, that I might be the better prepared to do justice to my subject.

CHAPTER XXI.

I EMBARK IN THE DE WITT CLINTON FOR ALBANY—THE PALACE OF THE AIDS—CASTLE OF SING SING—HACKMATACK BAY—WEST POINT—CATYDIDS—GENERAL ARNOLD—THE HIGHLANDS—INFESTED WITH WILD BEASTS—THE CATAMOUNTAIN—TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE OF LORD MORTIMER.

AGREEABLY to my resolution of further travel, I and my Irish friend embarked one evening for Albany, on board the steamer De Witt Clinton—a boat which I was told by a Yankee, who seemed to be a tolerably intelligent man for an American—was five hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and forty-six deep. De Witt Clinton, whose name she bore, was formerly a canal digger, and engaged in excavating that long line of work which connects the Hudson's Bay River with the Lake of the Woods; when, being driven away by the Regency, as they are called, a set of powerful men, who exercise an astonishing sway in the State of New-York, the people immediately took him up and made him Governor.

The first place which we passed, of any note, was called the Palace of the Aids. It is a vast pile of building on the west bank of the river; and was erected, as the intelligent Yankee informed me, for the use of Sir Henry Clinton's Aids in time of the rebellion; and hence the name. It is now used as a fortification by the Americans, who consider it nearly if not quite impregnable.

The next object of note is the Castle of Sing Sing, on the east bank of the river. It takes it name from a very singular but barbarous regulation, which is no other than flogging the garrison three times a day to make them sing. As the lash, which is a sort of cat of nine tails, is applied to the bare back of the poor wretches, the operator cries out at every stroke, "*Sing! Sing!*"—But what adds to the cruelty of this treatment, is, that the entire garrison, consisting of a thousand soldiers, is forced into the service. Let not the Americans, after this, talk of British impressment, but look to Sing Sing.

A little further up the river is Hackmatack Bay, which I could not very well see in consequence of its being dark. But I relied for information on my Yankee companion, who assured me it was a remarkably fine harbor for shipping, and that a city was now build-

ing on the west side of the bay, which bade fair in time to rival, if not entirely eclipse, the city of New-York.

Still farther north is West Point. It is a poor miserable affair, as I had occasion to notice, though the night was exceedingly dark. There was merely a single peer jutting into the river, with a few ragged rocks and stunted trees in the back ground; which the Americans, however, with that self complacency which distinguishes the whole race, pretend mightily to admire. But, for my part, I could see nothing beautiful about it. There is indeed an academy, as I was informed, kept by one Uncle Sam, who teaches the military exercise, such as it is, to a parcel of boys, who are called Catydids. This was an important military post in the time of the rebellion, and was betrayed to the Americans by one Arnold, who, however, in the end got his deserts, for he was taken prisoner and hung by His most gracious Majesty.

A little above West Point, we came to the Highlands, as they are called, though there is no *land* there, but one entire mass of rocks. So palpable was this misnomer that even my Irish friend took notice of it, and begged to know how that could be called high land which was no land at all at all. The Yankee endeavored to explain it; and moreover told a

very strange story, which if he had not been quite a civil and intelligent fellow, notwithstanding he was an American, I should have been very much inclined to disbelieve.

"These Highlands, said he, are very much infested with wild beasts of all sorts, but especially with that most ferocious of all animals, the catamountain. These creatures are as long as a rail, as fierce as a tiger, and as strong as an elephant. They are of a flaming red color, and are invulnerable in every part except the eye. Such being the nature of the beast," continued he, "you may well suppose they are a terror to the whole country; and such indeed is the fact. They are never satisfied with blood. They destroy every living creature on which they can lay their ravenous jaws, whether it be bird, quadruped, or fish; but they are more particularly fond of human flesh; carrying of women and children."

"The cowardly baist?" exclaimed the Irishman, "they ought to be kilt clane dead, to attack poor helpless women and childer, which no honorable baist would iver be guilty of."

"But they'll take men upon a pinch," resumed the Yankee, "and particularly foreigners."

"Furriners!" said the Irishman, "the inhospita-

ble baists! tbey desarve to be kilt over and over again, for such tratement of sthrangers. But is it the Irish they're particularly fond of?"

"Not particularly," said the Yankee—"they rather prefer the English."

"The English" I exclaimed, for I could not help feeling a little startled at the sudden mention of this preference of the catamountain—a preference, which, in my then situation—passing as I was through the strong holds of those bloody animals—I had no particular reason to be pleased with. "But why should they take an especial liking to the English?" said I.

"I dont know why, indeed," returned the Yankee; "but such is the fact, as you shall hear."

"Do they ever attack steamboats?" said I.

"Do they!" said he, "I guess you would think so, if you were to pass up and down here in the night as often as I've done. Why, it's every week or so, we have an account of some one or other of the passengers being carried off by the catamountains from aboard the boats. You see the cliffs are so near that they can easily leap upon deck."

"Would'nt it be more safe in the cabin?" said I

—for though I am a man of true courage, as I very clearly proved by challenging the whole twenty guards of the Castle—nevertheless, feeling a little nervous at the time, and being entirely unacquainted with the mode in which the catamountain might make his attack, I could not answer for making the necessary defence. I had no sooner said this, than I heard a terrible noise in the cliffs, which seemed, as the boat advanced, to hang more and more fearfully above us; and confirmed me in the belief that those monstrous animals could, as the Yankee said, very easily leap from them upon deck. The noise sounded like nothing I had ever heard before.

"Is'nt that he?" said I.

"No, "said the Yankee, with a broad grin—"that's nothing but a tree-toad."

However, thought I, there's no trusting to these Yankees, who undoubtedly would have no more conscience than to see an Englishman devoured before their eyes. I therefore rushed with all prudent haste into the cabin, whither the Irishman, the Yankee, and some others, presently followed me. The horrible noise continued for some time, and I was astonished at the coolness of the Americans, many of whom re-

mained on deck during the whole time that we were threading the perilous passes of the Highlands. But the daily acquaintance with danger is apt to have a wonderful effect in hardening the minds of people against it.

"I was about to tell you," said the Yankee, after descending to the cabin and having a hearty laugh at my fears, "a certain story to corroborate what I said about the animal's particular fondness for Englishmen. You must know," continued he, "that there was one LORD MORTIMER, as he called himself—though the Lord knows he was no lord, any more than the devil was. But that's neither here nor there; he passed himself off for a lord, and all the gentry of New-York—the more fools they!—were running after him, and ready to kiss his — great toe. Well, after gulling the flats of of New-York long enough, he made a voyage up this river in a steamboat, as you are now doing. I was aboard at the same time. Well, as we were passing through the Highlands, as we are now, the conversation happened to turn, as it does now, on the terrible ferocity of the catamountain; when one of the company happened to mention, as I did just now, that the critter was particularly fond of Englishman.

"Of Englishmen!" ejaculated his pretended lordship, turning as pale as a sheet.

"Ay," said his informant, "and particularly of such fellows as pass themselves off for more than they really are."

"What do you mean to insinuate?" exclaimed his lordship, endeavoring to look fierce, but at the same time trembling like a leaf for fear of the catamountain. But he had hardly said this, before a terrible noise was heard in the cliffs above; and his lordship, frightened almost to death, made for the cabin, as you did just now. But he had hardly reached the gangway, when plump came the critter upon deck; and, singling out his lordship, before you could say Jack Robbison, he carried him, dangling by one arm, to the top of the mast. There were no fire-arms aboard; besides it was dark as Egypt, pretty much as it is to night. Howsomever, we could see the critter's eyes shine like a couple of balls of fire; and one of the sailors, seizing a handspike, ran as fast as he could up the shrouds to the aid of his lordship. But 'twas all in vain, for as soon as the animal saw him coming, he gave one prodigious leap and landed on the top of a tree, which ever since has been called

Lord Mortimer's Tree—I think I can show it to you now, if you'll just step upon deck."

"Excuse me, sir," said I, wrapping my cloak about me at the same time, I'm rather apprehensive of the night air in this cursed climate of yours; but what became of Lord Mortimer?"

"Oh, the catamountain took care of him," said the Yankee carelessly, as though the life of an English nobleman was of no manner of consequence.

"Took care of him!" said I.

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "he was never heard of more, except his whiskers, which being made by the barber, dropt off as the critter was carrying him away.* But how pale you look! come, go upon deck and take the air."

"Are we past the Highlands?" said I.

* A certain ex-reviewer to a magazine, who has been looking over our shoulder while we were reading the proof of the above, assures us that Mr. Fibbleton has filched the entire scene from the author of "John Bull in America;" and that the catamountain, which carried off Lord Mortimer, is no other than the veritable owl which flew directly in the face of Captain Baltus Van Slingerland, as recorded in the "Dutchman's Fireside:" in proof of all which he avers, that sundry words used by Mr. Fibbleton —such for instance, as "*the*," "*of*," "*and*," besides several others—are precisely the same as those used by Mr. Paulding.

With such authority behind us as the ex-reviewer, we cannot possibly think of defending the ex-barber; but we must, nevertheless, print his work as we find it. AMERICAN EDITOR.

"Hardly," said he—however, you need'nt be afraid, for we've passed Lord Mortimer's Tree, which is the most dangerous point."

"Afraid!" said I, "who the devil's afraid? But this d—d climate—it's enough to give a man his death."

CHAPTER XXII.

GET SAFE THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS—AM ROBBED OF MY BERTH—CONTEND FOR A SETTEE—IN DANGER OF BEING GOUGED BY A KENTUCKIAN—ENCOUNTER WITH JO STRICKLAND—DITTO WITH ENOCH TIMBERTOES—DITTO WITH MAJOR JACK DOWNING, HEIR APPARENT TO THE PRESIDENCY.

We passed safe through the Highlands; though it was by the merest good fortune in the world, for I was assured by the Yankee that scarcely a night passed in which some one or other of the passengers from the different boats was not carried off by the catmountains. It is surprising to me that a people, who boast as much as the Americans do of their enenterprise and the enlightened nature of their government, should so long suffer from the depredations of these ferocious animals. But, to tell the plain truth, there is no security in the United States, for either life, limb, or property. The inhabitants, comparatively speaking, are as yet in a mere state of barbarism.

Among other proofs of their want of civility, par-

ticularly to strangers, was the fact, that I could not get a berth in all the De Witt Clinton; though, as I before said, she was five hundred and fifty feet long, three hundred and twenty broad, and fifty-six deep. The excuse was, that the berths were all engaged, though it was full three minutes and fifty seconds by my watch, before the boat started after my going aboard, I raved, and stormed, and swore, as became an Englishman; and threatened to put the captain, lieutenant, and all the crew into my book. But it did no good; and had it not been for supporting the dignity of my country, I might as well have had held my tongue.

Shut out, however, as I was from the berths, I concluded I should at least be entitled to a settee. So as soon as the first was covered with the mattress and bedding, I threw myself upon it.

"Hold, there!" said one the fellows, who was busy making up the beds.

"I mean to hold here," said I, arranging the pillow under my head—"I'm not to be deprived of berth, settee, and every thing."

"That's more'n you know," said the fellow with a savage grin—"you may have to take a *standee* yet."

I however, kept my place in spite of the fellow's in-

solence, and was just about getting asleep; when, by and by, a sort of clerk-looking fellow, with a paper in his hand, requested all such passengers, as had any claim to settees, to answer as their numbers were called. He then bawled out—

"Number one!"

"Here!" said I,

And "Here!" said another man, who stood a few feet from me. "You've got my settee, stranger," said he.

"Your settee!" I exclaimed—"how can that be? I'm number one, as you may plainly perceive; besides, I have the right of possession."

"Well, stranger," said he coolly, "you'll find you've got the wrong of possession, if you don't evacuate presently."

"Evacuate!" said I, with as much contempt as I could infuse into my countenance—"who are you, that pretend to dispute the claim of an Englishman, and an Ex-Barber to his Majesty, the King of—"

With that he interrupted me by exclaiming, "Cock-cock-a-doodle-doo!" at the same time imitating with his arms the wings of a cock who has just crowed defiance. He then approached me more nearly and

said, "Harkee, stranger, I'm all the way from Old Kentuck, and if—"

It may well be supposed I did'nt wait for further arguments. I rolled myself off the disputed settee upon the adjoining one; nor did I stop there, but kept rolling until I had passed over at least a dozen others. A Kentuckian! thought I. By heavens, I would'nt sleep within reach of his arm for the wealth of the Indies. I should certainly be gouged before morning.

The clerk, or whoever he was, now went on calling the numbers, and each man, as he answered, taking his settee, until they came to the one I then occupied; which being number fourteen, as soon as that was cried out, I again answered, "Here!" when presently echo repeated, "Here!"

"That's my settee, Mister," said a fellow coming up.

"Your settee!" said I, endeavoring to look the fellow through—"who the devil are you?"

"I'm no devil at all," said he, "but Jo Strickland, of Varmount. I've got my trouses pockets, both on 'em, stowed as full as they can hold of the raal Kimikles, which Arnold paid me out of the Consolidation Lottery. Besides, I've got a couple of little dogs here"

—showing a pair of pistols—"that belong to Deacon Amariah Bigelow; and they're tarnal apt to bark when any thing don't go to please 'em—so if you'll jest roll yourself over a few times more, Mister—"

I thought this was quite sufficient; particularly as I did'nt at all like the looks of Deacon Amariah Bigelow's little dogs, any more than the fellow with the Kimikles; who, as I came to examine him more closely, I perceived to be a fellow six feet and a half high, with a brawny chest a yard wide, and two rows of double teeth all round his mouth.

I rolled myself over at least twenty more settees, determining to get far enough this time, and not to move again let what would happen. But in a very short time the space between me and the Varmounter was filled up; and though I cried out, "Here!" when the next number was called, another person also cried, "Here!" and came to dispute with me the possession of the settee. He was a small fellow, compared with my last antagonist, not being above five feet seven inches high. There was nothing remarkable about his person, except that he had a very sly quizzical look out of his right eye, and had wonderfully large feet for a man of his size. He was dress-

ed in a pair of striped trowsers, a swans-down waistcoat, and a long-skirted blue-and-white-mixed coat, with round lapels.

"What little striped-breeched devil are you," said I, as he demanded my bed.

"Striped-breeched!" said he, laughing out of one corner of his mouth, and looking very quizzical out of his quizzical looking eye—"may be you never heerd of one Enoch Timbertoes, of the Bay state?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Then you must be an ignorant fellow," said he, changing his quizzical look for one of contempt.

"Ignorant," said I, "why so?"

"Because," said he, "Enoch Timbertoes is a pretty considerable famous fellow, I can tell ye. Did you ever read the newspapers?"

"To be sure I have," said I, "but what has all this to do with the present case?"

"Why, if you've read the newspapers," he replied, "you must have seen Enoch Timbertoes's Letters."

"Well," said I, growing impatient, "what the devil has Enoch Timbertoes, or his letters, to do with my settee?"

"*Your* settee! Mister? Not's you know on. But

as to Enoch Timbertoes and his Letters," said he, at the same time elevating himself a couple of inches, "I'm Enoch Timbertoes, myself; and unless you give up the settee pretty plaguy suple, I'll put you in my next letter and have you sarved up like a mess of bull-beef all over the country—because you know, every body reads the Timbertoe Letters."

"D—n your timber-toes!" said I looking contemptuously at his huge feet, and at the same time evacuating the settee. The truh is, I felt myself above contending with these rude and savage boors: and therefore, though I am a man of true courage, as I proved sufficiently when I challenged the whole twenty-five guards at Holt's Castle, I surrendered my rights.

My next move was to the very last settee in the whole range. Think's I to myself, they'll not disturb me here. But I was mistaken. "You'll be good enough jest to roll over once more," said another fellow, with a very consequential air. He was dressed in an old military coat of blue with yellow facings, nankeen breeches, long Suwarrow boots, and a rusty cocked hat, of the days of the rebellion.

"I'll be cursed" said I, looking at him with my usual portion of contempt, "if I'll move another inch for any man."

"You dont know who you are speaking to, perhaps?" said he.

"No, nor I don't care," said I, "Ive got this settee, and I mean to keep it, though the President of the United States should contend for it."

"You'd hardly say that if he was here, I guess," said the fellow—"Gineral Jackson is an old campaigner, and licked the British near upon to death at New-Orleans; so you must'nt say nothing agin the Gineral. Besides, Mister, I'm at present his head man and defender—to be sure Martin Van Buren is Vice President. But that's no reason. Between you and me, I know a thing or two that Martin don't, because you see the gineral would'nt trust him. Now the case is jest here, though I don't wish every body to know it—says the Gineral to me, says he, Major Downing, between you and I and the fire-place, says he, I don't think every body's to be trusted. Says I, Gineral, you're jest of my way of thinkin. I know I be, Major Downing, says he, and that's the reason I trust you in preference to some other folks. There's them-are fellows in the Kitchen, now, says he, they're cooking up a dish for the public that I don't more than half like, and I'll be — Skip them-are hard words,

Gineral, says I. There's no use in swearing about sich chaps. That's true, says he, Major Downing, they aint worth a damnin; but, as I was sayin, if twas'nt for you, Major, the whole nation would go to rack and ruin. I believe it, says I, Gineral, if twas'nt for me, the affairs of the nation would get considerably out of sorts; but as long as I'm alive and kickin, I'll keep matters straight, with a little of your help, Gineral. I thank you, Major Downing, says he, catching me at the same time by the hand—I shall quit the helm in peace and quietness, now I've found sich a man as you to take my place. Don't speak of that, Gineral, says I, pressing his hand considerable hard—it's too airly to think of that yet. No, I'll be shot if 'tis, says he—Major Downing, says he, looking me full in the face—you're a man after my own heart, and, by the etarnal, you shall be next President. Now there's leetle Matty, says he, and there's Calhoun, and a number of others that want it; but I'll put my veto on 'em. They shall never set in my chair, Major Downing. You're the only man of the whole kit that's fit to be President. Why, I think so too, Gineral, says I; but maybe the people will be a leetle offish about it. The people! says he: between you and I, Major

Downing, and the fire place, says he, snapping his fingers, I don't care that for the people. I tell you, Major Downing, you shall be next President."

"You look like a pretty candidate for the Presidency!" said I, running my eyes with all due contempt over his person and dress; "but, however," continued I, "you're a very fair specimen of republicanism; and I've no doubt will prove a worthy successor to the present incumbent."

"None o' your skits at me and the Gineral, if you please, Mister," said he, "we're both on us military men—both I and the Gineral—he licked the British, till they cried enough at New-Orleans; and I'm a major in the second brigade of the Downingville Militia, down east, in the State of Maine. If you ever come that way, inquire for Major Jack Downing; and if I should'nt be at home—which will most likely be the case, as I shall be considerably engaged at Washington for ten or eleven years to come—then inquire for Sarjeant Joel, of the same brigade, and tell him I sent you. So now, Mister, being you know who I am, and what I am to be, whenever Gineral Jackson says the word, you'll mayhap think it best to give up my bed without more ado."

As he finished this strange speech, he put his hand on an old rusty sword, that I had not before noticed; when, considering his military rank and his station under the American government, I concluded it would be no more than proper to yield my place to him. But I would not have the reader think that the sight of his sword had any influence in hastening my compliance—for I am a man of true courage, as will sufficiently appear by my boldly challenging the whole thirty guards at Holt's Castle, as before mentioned.

But to finish here with the account of my lodging—which lodging proved to be none—I was finally obliged to content myself with a standee—which is a sort of tall box, set up endwise, and so narrow that a person can neither lie nor sit, but is obliged perforce to stand erect, and hence it is called a standee. But if I ever consent to be locked up in another, may I be shaved all my life with a dull razor, or (what is worse still) spend all my life among the Yankees.

I was at first a little staggered with the story of the fellow who called himself Major Downing, and especially with his account of his standing at Washington, and his influence with the President. But, on inquiring afterwards of the civil Yankee, I learned that the fellow was really an officer in the American Army; se-

lectman in the town of Downingville; prime minister to the President; heir apparent to the throne; and, after General Jackson, the most popular man in the United States. The reader may judge from this, of what materials these conceited, boasting, rude, uncivilized republicans make their rulers and great men! And if such be the rulers, I leave the reader to judge what must be the ruled.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HIDE PARK—DERIVATION OF THE NAME—CUPIDITY AND TREACHERY OF THE WHITES—RED JACKET—GOVERNOR MARCY'S FARM—ITS SOIL AND PRODUCTIONS—WE GROUND UPON IT—ABUSE OF THE GOVERNOR—MAJOR DOWNING'S DEFENCE.

THE principal town, after passing the Highlands of the Hudson, is called Hide Park. The name is derived from the circumstance of the people formerly driving an extensive trade in the hides of the poor Indians. They were stripped off whole; and being afterwards cut in two transversely just above the hips, the lower parts were turned into leather breeches, which required no seams, nor indeed any other tailor's work except making a few button-holes, setting on the buttons, and the like. These leather breeches were very much worn by the people of this country a few years ago, and thus held out a strong temptation for the white people to hunt the Indians, which they did for the sake of their skins, until nearly the whole race were exterminated.

Finding that this mode of obtaining the skins was

like cutting down the oak in order to get the acorns, the cunning Yankees at last hit upon the plan of skinning them alive, in expectation that the skin would grow again, and that thus they might take the spoils as often as once a year. The first experiment they made was with a famous chief of the One-eyed tribe. They first got him drunk, and then commenced skinning, thinking that he would not be likely to come to himself until his hide was completely off. In this, however, they found themselves mistaken; for they had scarcely got him stripped down to the waist, when being aroused by the excessive smart, he sprang upon his butchers, and before they had time to make their escape, he had tomahawked and scalped twenty-one. He afterwards got well; but the upper part of his body, in consequence of having been skinned, always retained a red appearance, from which circumstance he received the name of RED JACKET. But his revenge did not cease with the scalping of the twenty-one; for he afterwards became a mighty warrior, and made the treacherous whites repent severely of having ever undertaken the game of skinning a live Indian.

But the most remarkable thing, in the Hudson's Bay River, is Governor Marcy's Farm, so called from the present Governor of the State of New-York. It is an

island which stretches nearly from one side of the river to the other, a few miles below Albany. The soil, which is of a very deep and soft nature, is for the most part covered with a slight depth of water; and is not known to bear any thing, except steamboats, sloops, and other river craft, whereof very rich crops are often seen of a morning.

Among the rest of these products our boat also appeared. We had passed the river thus far without any accident, when, as the night was wearing fast, plump! all at once stuck the keel of our boat fast in the mud. She came with a force that made all shake again. As for me, I was thrown, standee and all, flat upon the deck.

"What the devil's all this?" said I, creeping out at one end of the box.

"It's Governor Marcy's Farm," said my Yankee acquaintance, who had turned out of his birth, and come upon deck.

"A farm do ye call it?" asked the Irishman, who had also run upon deck as he felt the shock of the boat. "Faith, sir, and is it this way the farms are in this counthry, all under wather? By J—s! I should'nt like the cultivatin of 'em at all at all. It would'nt be plea-

sant no how, to my thinkin, either to plant paraties or to dig them in this kind of under-wather land."

"Why, for the matter of that," said the Yankee, "there's seldom any thing planted here excepting boats and sloops, and such like river craft; and you may see a plenty of them as soon as it's daylight. The masts will stick up about us like so many dry hemlock trees in a swamp."

What the Yankee said proved indeed to be true; for as soon as the morning light appeared, there appeared with it vessels of all sorts and sizes, from the small fishing boat to the immeasurably long craft of the De Witt Clinton, which the Yankee assured me, if I mistake not, was six hundred feet in length. The officers and crews of these vessels were cursing and swearing like so many troopers; and even wishing the Governor, Governor's Farm, and all, to the devil.

For my part, having got very little sleep in my standee, I let them swear on, while I went into the cabin, where I turned into one of the berths from whence some other man had turned out. But I had scarcely got well asleep, and begun to enjoy myself, before the owner of the berth came, and dragged me out head first upon the floor. This seemed to me much like

the conduct of the dog in the manger; for the fellow did not pretend that he wanted to sleep; but he swore by the holy poker that he had paid for the berth, and he would have it. I had long since learnt that there was no use in quarrelling with these Yankees: and therefore—though I am a man of true courage, as I proved in the case of the forty guards at the Castle, whom I challenged to mortal combat—I yielded the berth to the fellow, after giving him a decent English damning, and went once more upon deck.

Our boat still stuck on the Governor's Farm, though some of the smaller craft around us were beginning to float and to get under weigh, as the tide rose.—At length after three or four hours more of patient waiting, the De Witt Clinton also began to move her ponderous sides, which, as I was credibly informed, were six hundred and fifty feet long. But, after all, such enormous boats are only a vexation. There is not room enough in an ordinary river for them to turn round; and in case of a farm under water, like this of the Governor's, they are much more likely to stick than the smaller and lighter craft.

As for the passengers, they were all, except Major Downing, finding fault with his Excellency the Go-

vernor, for not removing his farm from the middle of the river.

"Confound his breeches!" said one; "I'll never vote for him again; if I do, I'll give him leave to kiss my—foot."

"I never did vote for him," said another; "and what's more, I never will. Now I think there's room enough for every man in this country to have his farm on dry land, and not keep it hid under water, to be ploughed by steamboats, and sloops, and other craft that ply up and down the river."

In short, every body had something to say against the Governor and his under-water farm, except Major Downing, who, touching his rusty sword by way of defiance, declared the Governor should not be abused.

"I recollect the year afore last," said he, "when the Congress passed a law to remove the farm—or the Overslaugh, as it was called—the Governor, who was then a Congressman, fit hard against it, and said the representatives of the nation had no right to meddle with a man's private consarns, or a State's private consarns either; and that if they once were allowed to remove the Overslaugh, they might by and by take it into their heads to meddle with cold slauw, hot slauw,

and every other kind of slauw. Well, the bill went through both houses of Congress, and was brought to Gineral Jackson for his signature. I remember, as well as if 'twas this day, what the Gineral said, and how he behaved. Says he to me, Major Downing, says he, (for he always axes my opinion afore signin a bill,) what do you think of this *infarnal improvement* bill? do you think I'd better put my fist to it, or not? Says I, Gineral, you know as well about that matter as I can tell you. Well, says he, Major, I'll not sign the bill; if I do, I'll agree to eat a pickerel six foot long. Well, Gineral, says I, do as you please; you know best how the cat eat the butter. I'll be ——; he was just a goin to swear, when I nudged his elbow, and, says he, Major, it's a bad practice this swearin, and I mean to break myself of it; if I don't, I'll be —— So I think, Gineral, says I, breakin in upon him. Well, Major Downing, says he, you're handy with the pen; jest set down and scratch me off a *veto;* I'll let Congress know they sha'nt pass any laws for infarnal improvements exceptin such as I choose to let 'em. Excuse me, Gineral, says I; it's rather out ofmyline of business t his writin of vetoes. I'm considerable of a stick at writin letters; and if you wish

I'll give you a lift at your next message; but as for writin vetoes, I'm afraid I should make a bad fist of it. I think, says I, Gineral, you'd better send it down to the Kitchen to be writ. You're right, says he, Major Downing; it's jest fit for the Kitchen, and to the Kitchen it shall go. I'll arterwards send it to Matty, to correct the grammar; and then, Major, you must look it over, arter which I think it 'll do. I think so too, Gineral, says I; and so I slipped my neck out of writin the Gineral's veto that time; but for all that I'll stan up for it till the last horn blows, because 'tis the Gineral's, and because, being his head man, I'm bound to defend him through thick and thin, whether it's over the slaugh or under the slaugh. I say, let Governor Marcy have a farm in the bed of the river if he wants it; but I do wish 'twas a leetle furder under water, so the steamboats would'nt stick on it so consarnedly."

Here Major Downing ended his speech in defence of the Governor's Farm; and the people, who had been crying out so bitterly against it but a minute before, now threw up their ragged republican hats as high as they could throw them, and cried, "Hurrah for Major Downing!" And so the matter ended.

To finish my story of the Governor's Farm. I understand it formerly belonged to the people of New-York, who made a present of it to his Excellency, in consideration of his having so well defended it before the Congress of the nation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ARRIVE AT ALBANY—DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE AND ITS INHABITANTS—THE REGENCY—ITS ORIGIN AND DESIGN—NATURE AND APPEARANCE OF ITS MEMBERS—ITS EXCEEDING POWER—A CONNECTING LINK WITH THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE OLD WORLD.

THE voyage, from Marcy's Farm to Albany, was short and prosperous; and I met with no accident or adventure worth relating in a book of travels.

Albany is a little scurvy place, consisting of a few old Dutch houses, which were built in the time of His most gracious Majesty, Richard-Cure-the-Lion, or in that of Richard III., I am not positive which. These houses, which are mostly of one story, have the gable end to the street, and are nearly all roof. They were, as the Yankee assured me, brought from Holland ready built; and nothing more was requisite on landing than to remove them from the ship's deck to the places where they now stand—the inhabitants still remaining in them, and performing their household duties, the same as if nothing had happened.

The people of this city are still mostly Dutch, and appear in the same costume which was worn five hundred years ago—as any one may be satisfied by comparing the present race with those described in the History of New-York by Mr. Knickerbocker, the only authentic historian of which the Americans can boast—the dress, both of that period and the present, consisting of fifteen pair of breeches for the men, and eleven petticoats for the women, the latter being rather of the shortest kind.

Although Albany, as I said before, is a scurvy little place, and is now fast going to decay, nevertheless it acquires considerable importance from the circumstance of its being the seat of government for the State. Here the Congress meets, and here also is the residence of the Regency. It is this latter, however, which gives the principal eclat to the city. The Congress of New-York to be sure meets here once a year; but they have no power to do any thing without the consent of the Regency, which, as the name seems to indicate, has a sort of royal prerogative.

It may seem strange to my readers, that in a republican government there should be any thing both in name and power so much resembling what is to be found in the old world. But so it is. The Albany

Regency is truly of a kingly nature, and forms at least one redeeming circumstance—one bright spot as it were on the dark scutcheon of American democracy. Only think of a Regency in the very heart of a republic! a royal power above the "sovereign people," as these uncivilized democrats delight to call themselves! But it is the only thing which preserves the nation.

This celebrated Regency, if I am rightly informed, was first established as far back as the days of James II., of glorious memory. The State, as every body knows, belonged to him when Duke of New-York; but being called home to assume the government of England, on the death of Charles II., he appointed a Regency, consisting of three men, with power to elect their successors. There is, however, some dispute whether this latter privilege was actually conferred by James or not. But that it is now, and has been for a long time, exercised by the Regency, there is no manner of doubt.

Concerning the persons, of whom this Regency is at present composed, there is a good deal of curious speculation—not so much, however, in relation to their names, as in regard to what manner of men they are —how they look, how they behave, what kind of

clothes they wear, and such like matters, which are ever apt to keep alive the curiosity of the people respecting their rulers.

The members of the Regency are believed to possess among them not less than a hundred eyes, situated in various parts of the body, and protruding like those of a lobster—differing however from the latter in this respect, that they are not immovable, but glance nimbly about, and pry into all holes and corners with incredible activity. They are also supposed to have not less than fifty hands, all of which are provided with prodigious long fingers, whose grasp, when fairly within their reach, nothing can evade. This, again, is another proof of the royal origin of the Regency—for kings, as every body knows, have long hands. In what proportion these several members are divided among the Regency, it is not generally agreed; but that they can see far and wide, and grasp sure and strong, is universally acknowledged. And here again is another proof of their royal origin.

The Regency in Albany is very much the same as the throne in England—except that its power is quite superior to that of our present race of kings. It has not only a negative on all bills which pass the two

houses of Congress; but it actually originates bills of its own accord, and compels the Congress, *nolum volum*, to pass them. Many people find fault with this: and the newspapers storm, and fret, and fume; and every year attempts are made to overthrow this royal power. But, owing to its strength and wisdom, the rebels seldom get the upper hand; and never maintain the ascendency for any length of time.

This again is another proof of the royal origin of the Regency: because, being possessed of "divine right," it cannot long be driven from its own; but, like the pious Charles II., of glorious memory, though compelled to wander for awhile, it at length returns again with renewed strength, to govern, and therefore to bless the people. This is the only remaining link which connects America with the governments of the old world. With the exception of this, the entire chain was broken in the rebellion. Every link was snapped, except the royal link of the Regency. But, thanks to the "divine right," which remains every where the same, this branch of the royal power is preserved, and thus democracy is in some measure kept in awe.

Before I take leave of this subject, I would just observe, that I had some hopes of retrieving my fortunes through the favor of this power, as I understood it had

the entire disposal of all the fat offices in the State; and I was well assured that my loyal principles, now fairly re-established, could not but find favor in its eyes. But, for some cause or other, I found it exceedingly difficult of access, so that I never could get a fair chance of presenting my claims. What this was owing to, I know not. Perhaps it might be my poverty; or, what is more likely, it might be owing to some person having calumniated me, by calling me an incorrigible radical, or downright republican.

CHAPTER XXV.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE EMPIRE STATE—THE BUCKTAILS—THE FEDS—THE QUIDS—THE BURRITES—THE COOTS, COOTIES, OR COODIES—THE HIGHBINDERS, HIGHMINDERS, OR HIGHFLIERS.

SPEAKING of the Albany Regency—which, by the by, is the only tolerable thing in the American government—I am naturally led to the subject of political parties in the "Empire State," as New-York is called, I suppose because it is governed by a Regency. These parties are, or have been at different times, nearly innumerable. I will merely name a few of the most prominent. These are the *Bucktails*, the *Feds*, the *Quids*, the *Burrites*, the *Coots*, and the *Highfliers*.

The *Bucktails*, in point of power and numerical importance, doubtless hold the first rank. Besids, they are believed to enjoy the peculiar favor of the Regency. Why they are called Bucktails, does not so clearly appear. Indeed some will have it that this is not their proper designation, which they aver

is, and of right ought to be, *Pugtail:* for, say they, the gentlemen of this party formerly belonged to a certain intelligent class of monkeys—of whom Lord Monboddo writes, that in process of time they rubbed off, and fairly got rid of, their posterior appendage, and thenceforward took their rank among the human species. But this the Bucktails declare to be a most malicious slander, invented by the Feds, Quids, and others of their political opponents. On the contrary, they aver that they take their name from that noble, branching, and heroic animal, the *buck*, whose tail, on certain public occasions, they wear attached to the seat of their breeches; on which occasions they scamper about upon all fours, in imitation of that spirited and graceful quadruped. As to their precise political notions, I am not aware that they differ very materially from the other parties, except that one of their principles is, to get all the fat offices, or "spoils," as they call them; and the other is, to be careful how they offend the Regency—both of which principles I highly approve, as being both loyal and judicious; and had I finally concluded to fix my myself in the country, I should most certainly have attached myself to this party.

The name of *Feds*—like *lucus a non lucendo*—is believed to have originated in the doctrine of contraries: and that they were so called, because they did not sufficiently *feed* their partizans; and hence, though once an exceedingly powerful band and abundantly able to cope with the Bucktails, they soon lost their power and influence—and very justly too, for who would adhere to a party through thick and thin. unless they could find their account in it? Surely none. It is money, or as we English say, good feed, that makes men loyal. Besides, these Feds held one very absurd principle, to wit: that the government was made for the people, and not the people for the government. But such paltry republican notions would'nt pass. The people, who are naturally loyal, returned to their first love—they went back to the Regency, and the Feds are now but an empty name.

The *Quids* are a sort of third or middle men; and their name is derived, according to Cicero, from *quid tertium*, or *tertium quid*. But Cicero, whatever might be his knowledge of matters and things among the ancients, was very little acquainted with the affairs of modern times; and I am rather inclined to adopt the opinion of Mrs. Trollope, to wit: that the Quids took their ap-

pellation from the practice of chewing tobacco, of which I take it for granted they were very fond. Indeed, according to this derivation, the tertium quid of Cicero might not badly apply to them; because, being, on the supposition, excessively addicted to the Indian weed, and great beggars withal, as tobacco-chewers generally are, they might call upon their friends for the tertium quid, or third chew, in the course of one political meeting, or debate. As to their principles, they were neither one thing nor another—neither Bucktail nor Fed—but half way between. They were never so powerful as either of the other rival parties; and as to their present existence, unless they form the identical spitters, so justly belabored by Mrs. Trollope, I know not where to find them.

The *Burrites* were so called from a habit they had of sticking to the skirts of the public like a *bur*. Their leading principle was office; and, like judicious and prudent men, they were not very particular to whose skirts they hung, provided they could thereby slip their hands into the pockets of the people. In their principles they did not very widely differ from the Bucktails; to whom, like real burs, they finally at-

tached themselves, and were carried away upon the tails of the bucks.

The *Coots*—sometimes called *Cooties*, or *Coodies*—were in reality neither more nor less than downright coots. They left the party of the Feds, because they were not sufficiently crammed to suit their cormorant appetites; and they went over to the Bucktails in hopes of enjoying the good fat haunches of office. But the Bucktails were not such sheep as the Coots took them to be. They saw through the trick, and would not give them so much as a head and pluck: wherefore, they soon abandoned their new friends, and from Coots presently assumed the name of,

Highbinders, *Highminders*, or *Highfliers*. And this brings me to the last division of the parties above mentioned. The Highfliers then were neither more nor less than disappointed Coots, as the Coots had been disappointed Feds. Having stooped to the Bucktails, and got nothing for their pains; they all at once spread their wings, and soaring aloft, took the name of Highfliers, proudly declaring that the Bucktails might go to the devil for all them—they did'nt want any of their fat gobbets of office—not they. They would'nt soil their fingers with them. For a very

good reason, replied the Bucktails, because you cannot get them. As for the Highfliers, they finally flew away. They evanished; and at present there is not a feather to be found of them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I PART WITH MY IRISH FRIEND—TAKE THE RAIL-ROAD TO SKENACKATY—CRUELTY OF THE AMERICANS TO THE TORIES—RIDING ON A RAIL—TARRING AND FEATHERING—ENOCH TIMBERTOES AGAIN—MAJOR DOWNING DITTO.

At Albany I parted with my Irish friend—or rather he parted with me, for he was in haste to get to the western country, where he could make his fortune at once, as he said, by buying "new land, wid a house and barn, and other convaniences on it, ready built jist as it came from the hand of nathur." Before going, however, he forced me to accept a sum of money, sufficient to keep me from any further attempt at drowning myself.

From Albany I rode on a rail to Skenackaty, which is situated on the other side of the Mohawk river.—Speaking of riding on a rail, reminds me of what my Yankee acquaintance told me of the tories being compelled to ride on a rail, in the time of the rebellion. It was quite different, however, from the one on which I

was riding, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. To tell the truth, this is quite an easy mode of travelling; and were it not for the vile republican company with which the rail-road cars are continually crowded, would be a very agreeable one.

But to return to the Yankee's account of the poor tories. "Those contrary gentlemen," said he, "used very often to ride on a rail; but 'twas quite different from the one we're now scampering over. They rode straddle and bare-backed in those revolutionary times, and the rail was sharper than the back of the poorest horse you ever saw. It was tearing work, that: for the men who carried it were a hard set, and jolted and bounced up the poor tories like a hard trotting horse, until they were nearly split up from one end to the other."

"Split up!" I exclaimed with a shudder; "what horrid savages, thus to murder His Majesty's loyal subjects!"

"Oh, 'twas no murder," returned he with great nonchalance; "it was merely teaching them better manners than to aid and abet the British—that's all. If they'd stuck to their own countrymen, they would'nt have been rid on a wooden horse bare-backed. But they took their own way, and the republicans took theirs."

"And a most treasonable way it was," said I; "if His Majesty had only once got the rascals fairly in his hands, he would have hung them all, depend upon it. Why, their treatment of the poor loyal tories was monstrous."

"But you hav'nt heard the worst of it," said the Yankee; "the riding on a rail was but a part of the blessing they got."

"Blessing! do you call it?"

"Certainly, for they had reason to bless their stars it was no worse. After being rid on a rail, they might have been roasted alive, you know; whereas, they were merely tarred and feathered."

"Merely! do you say?"

"Yes, I said merely. But perhaps you never had the pleasure of seeing a tory tarred and feathered?"

"Not I, by heaven! and I hope I never shall. I'm a tory myself."

"And therefore, of course, you have a kind of fellow feeling for those gentry. I've always pitied the poor devils too, when I've heard the revolutioners tell about them, though I'm a son of a revolutioner myself. But I'll tell you how they used to serve them in those days. After riding them on a rail a few miles, they basted their naked skins well with warm tar, from head

to foot, and then tossed them into a feather bed, one end of which had been ripped open for the purpose.—In this they were rolled over and over until the feathers were well stuck on; when, coming out, they looked worse than any scare-crow you ever saw in your life."

"Well, and what next?" said I; for though I am a man of true courage, as I proved in relation to the fifty guards of the Castle, I could not help experiencing something of a horror to think I was sitting side by side, and riding on a rail with the descendants of those rebels who had so tortured and persecuted His Majesty's loyal subjects.

"What next?" said the Yankee; "why nothing to speak of. The people, after riding, basting, and featherin g the tories, let them go; they did'nt want to hurt them."

"Very kind, indeed!" said I, with an ironical smile.

"You may well say that, Mister," said Enoch Timbertoes, who, as well as Major Downing, happened to be in the same carriage with myself; "for if I'd been alive and kickin in them-are revolutionary times, the tories would'nt a come off so easy as they did, I tell you. I'd a sarved them up, a leetle the slickest you ever see, in my Letters; if I did'nt, then there's no

snakes. I'd a made them squirm and kick worse 'an they did when the hot tar was runnin over their hides, depend upon it."

As Enoch said this, he cast his quizzical eye round on the company; and after taking out a quid of pig-tail from a steel tobacco-box, the lid of which he brought down with a knowing snap, he threw himself back on his seat, and fixing his eye on Major Downing—"What do you think, Major," said he; "don't you think I'd a made the fellows squirm a leetle?"

"I do you think you would, Enoch," said he; "for with the exception of myself—it's always manners you know, to except the present company—I'll agree that you hold a leetle the sharpest pen in the United States. I don't wish to boast of myself by no means. But my opportunities have been considerable, and I've made considerable use on 'em of late—that every body knows. With the managin the affairs of the nation at home and abroad, puttin down Nullification, takin Gineral Jackson along with me on my grand tower, and all that, my correspondence has increased on my hands so much, that I would git me a private secretary, but there's no trustin any body—they can't touch my style at all. Only see now the forged letters that

are goin all over the country in my name! But they aint a circumstance to the real Major Downing.—Strange there can't be any thing nice, but some plaguy feller or other will try to counterfeit it. But there'll be other guess times in four years from now. No reflections on the Gineral, though."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SKENACKATY COLLEGE—SARATOGA—DEFEAT OF THE REBELS BY GENERAL BURGOYNE—CONGRESS WATER—ITS EFFICACY IN MAKING CONGRESSMEN—I TRY ITS EFFECTS—IMMENSE CROWD AT THE SPRINGS—SINGULAR MODE OF EATING AND SLEEPING.

SKENACKATY, as I said at the beginning of the last chapter, is situated on the Mohawk river—so called from its being formerly settled by a colony of the Mohawk Dutch. The only thing worthy of note here, is a college, as it is denominated in America; which means nothing more than a school where a parcel of boys learn Latin and Greek, and a few other things; but, as I am credibly informed, are never whipped, as the boys are in England; nor taught Arabic, Sanscrit, Bengalee, Chinese, or any other of the learned languages of the Oriental East.

I was, however, assured that the master of Skenackaty College, who is a stovemaker by trade, has the faculty of keeping his pupils in order without the use of the birch; and that he every year turns out some

very respectable scholars, with the title of A. B. But for my part, I don't believe a word of it. I hold, with Mr. Fidler and the most celebrated English teachers, that it is utterly impossible to beat any thing into one end of the pupil, without applying the rod to the other. A boy cannot be a scholar, who has never been horsed on the back of a fellow pupil. I thank my stars, I never was neglected in that sort; and my posterity will long have occasion to remember it with gratitude.

From Skenackaty, I took the rail-road to Saratoga, or Saratogue, as Major Downing called it. This is the famous place where General Burgoyne defeated the rebels in the memorable battle of '63; though my Yankee acquaintance, Major Downing, Enoch Timbertoes, and all the Americans, would have it that there was no such battle fought in the year '63; and, moreover, that when the affair did take place, so far from the British general's winning the day, the rebels took him prisoner, with all his host, bag, and baggage. Such is the ignorance, or the prejudice of these vile Yankees!

"Burgwine," said the Major, "was a pretty considerable of a conqueror! But old Gineral Gates made him surrender about the quickest. Why, I believe in my soul I could a took him prisoner, if I'd been here,

with nothing but my Downingville militia. But if you only wished to see fightin, you should a been at New-Orleans. You'd seen the Gineral pepper the British considerably, I take it. Howsomever, I don't want to hurt your feelins, bein you're an Englishman; and bein also that I'm like to be next President: for I want to have a good understandin with the British, because, in all likelihood I shall have the settlin of the boundary line down east in the State of Maine, durin my administration."

It was of no sort of use to quarrel with these Yankees, as I have already observed, and therefore I let them have their say, in regard to the affair of Saratoga—though I am not so ignorant of history, as not to know in what year the battle was fought, as well as in what manner Burgoyne thrashed the Americans.

Saratoga, as all the world knows, is a famous watering place; but perhaps all the world does not know that the most popular spring is called Congress Spring. This, however, is absolutely the fact; and the reason wherefore it is so called, as I am informed, is, that this water is particularly drank by Congressmen; and is moreover believed to be exceedingly efficacious in fitting a man to fill the honorable station of a member of

Congress. This is pretty well proved by the fact, that nearly every Congressman in America may be seen at this spring, during the season; and that all those, who wish to become members of Congress, in like manner resort to the same efficacious fountain.

I was told, but I don't now precisely recollect, the number of gallons which a man must be able to drink before breakfast, in order to fit him for a place in the Congress of the nation. I think, however, that I do not overstate the quantity, when I say it is not less than five gallons, beer measure. Nor will this appear so very improbable when I inform my reader, that such is the nature of this Congress water, that it runs through the system with very nearly the velocity of quicksilver; all except the fixed air, which often remains stationary for upwards of a year, and is a principal reason of that *windy* quality, which is apt to distinguish both those who are, and those who wish to be, members of Congress.

Another thing, which may render it exceedingly probable that I have not overstated the quantity drank by the Congressman in *esse*, and the Congressman in *posse*, is the fact that very delicate young ladies often drink not less than three gallons of a morn-

ing; and the ordinary allowance, before coffee, is two gallons and a half.

For my part, as I have already hinted, I was disgusted with the country, and resolved to abandon it forever. But I could not resist so fair an opportunity as I now had, of trying my capacity for becoming a member of the American Congress. Accordingly I repaired to the Congress Spring early one morning, and commenced drinking with all the vigor of which I was capable. I knew perfectly well the extent of my powers in drinking beer and wine, in which I exceeded every American, with whom I had made the trial, at least fifty per cent. I therefore very naturally drew this conclusion: if I excel them so much in my capacity for beer and wine, I shall certainly prove no less capacious of the article in question. But here I found to my cost that there was some flaw or other in my reasoning. My wine and beer logic would not answer for the Congress water: for though I drank till I was well nigh split, I could not with my utmost exertions get down over four gallons and a fraction.

"I shall never become a Congressman," said I, dashing down the glass, "and there's no use in killing myself for nothing." Who, after this, will say a word

of the excellence of American institutions, when he is informed, that the chief and almost the only path to distinction lies through Congress Spring?

Thousands of other people, however, besides Congressmen and expectants, flock to this watering place; and I found the crowd so great, that it was next to impossible to find room either for eating or lodging.—The principal houses were crammed with people from cellar to garret. To have a room to one's self, was utterly out of the question; and the monopoly of a bed by one person, was not to be thought of. As many were piled in as could conveniently lie, by placing them, like bags of cotton, one atop of the other. For my part, I preferred to take the under side of the bed, for here we only lay two deep.

At meals we were scarcely more comfortable. We were compelled to sit, each one with a person in his lap. The ladies, of course, as far as their numbers would go, occupied this latter station; and in order to prevent quarrelling among the gentlemen, as well as pulling caps among the ladies, the latter were drawn by lot. This did very well for such gentlemen as happened to get a lady who was neither too old nor too fat; but to be loaded with three hundred weight of human flesh; and especially to have that flesh in

the person of one's own wife—was not in general considered a very desirable thing. Besides the disagreeable weight pressing upon one, it was no easy matter to eat with such a mountain between the mouth and the delicacies of the table.

I was particularly unfortunate—every day having some man's fat wife, or some other more fortunate man's fat widow, quartered upon me. So that, what with the weight of these portly dames, the impossibility of eating, and the nearly equal impossibility of sleeping, I thought I should have died at Saratoga Springs.

And yet people go there for their health. What an absurdity! Some, however, go for pleasure. But how there can be any pleasure in drinking from three to five gallons of water before breakfast, eating double, and sleeping heaps upon heaps, I do not well see. For myself, I pretty soon bade adieu to this fashionable watering place, resolving never again to seek health or pleasure at Saratoga.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

QUIT SARATOGA—PASS THROUGH TROY—VIEW OF THE CITY AND ITS INHABITANTS—THE MANSION HOUSE—LEBANON SPRING—BAY STATE—COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION—MISS FANNY HALL, AND HER CRADLE OF LIBERTY.

I was now resolved on returning to New-York, preparatory to my embarkation for England. Saratoga, said I, shall be the utmost limit of my travels. I have now seen enough, heard enough, and felt enough, to give a pretty accurate account of the whole country. A stranger's first impressions are the best; and the shorter his stay, the more likely he will be to give an unbiassed description.

Full of these sentiments, I left Saratoga. But though I was determined this should be the furthest boundary of my travels; I was not determined absolutely to shut my eyes to such other towns, villages, or fashionable resorts, as might naturally fall in my way in returning to the sea-board.

The first of these, which I shall particularly notice, is Troy. It is called after the ancient city of that name, and is situated a little to the west of Mount Ida. But whether the people, like the inhabitants of the ancient city, worship the heathen gods, I had not time to ascertain. I am inclined, however, to think, from what I observed of certain buildings very much resembling churches, that they have the Christian religion among them.

The city is not half the size of the ancient Troy—at least I think so, though I never could exactly ascertain the extent or the population of that Homeric town. But this modern *Troja*, besides being so diminutive, has neither walls, gates, nor palaces. The inhabitants are nevertheless dignified with the name of Trojans, and appear as proud as if they had stood a ten years' siege against the combined powers of Greece and Rome. They are mostly white, and speak the English language with tolerable correctness for Americans; though, as I was assured by sundry persons, they were originally descended from a colony of Yankees.

These Trojans, (or *Trugents*, as they are sometimes called,) derive most of their present importance from what is denominated the *side-cut;* which, I take it,

means neither more nor less than a sly way they have of hitting their neighbours under the fifth rib; making a lodgment among their internal affairs; and finally, like the vampire, depriving them of their blood before they are sensible of the wound.

While in this city, I put up at the Mansion House, kept by Dr. Huddlestone; which, by the way, reminds me that nearly every tavern-keeper in America is a doctor. This may seem a little odd to an Englishman; but the cunning Yankees know how to turn it to their advantage. The gentleman, in his capacity of landlord, stuffs his guests with all sorts of dainties, both eatable and drinkable. The consequence is, that they get sick; when the same gentleman, in his capacity of physician, attends them—and thus, acting both as doctor and host, he has a twofold drain upon their pockets. In regard to Dr. Huddlestone, however, I must say, that though he fed me well, he had no chance whatever of huddling a stone upon me—as the old epitaph quaintly expresses it—for I took special care not to get sick.

From Troy, my next stage was to Lebanon Springs—or rather I should say Spring—for there is but one, though it is sufficiently large to turn a cotton mill with

two thousand spindles; besides carrying machinery for the manufacture of pewter looking-glasses and wooden grindstones. The Americans, it must be owned, in spite of their illiteracy, rudeness, and want of civilization, are in the main an enterprising people.

Lebanon Spring is situated on the side of a steep hill, in the township of New-Lebanon, which is on the border of Massachusetts, otherwise called the Bay State. In this State it was, that the rebellion broke out. The women of Boston, which is the metropolis of all New-England, refused to make their tea in the manner prescribed by the British statutes; but must needs, in the mere spirit of contradiction, throw it all in common into one huge tea-pot, and make a cold infusion, which so heated His most gracious Majesty, that he sent an army to punish them for their refractory conduct. The husbands of course could do no less than take the part of their wives, and so the rebellion was got up. From Boston it spread to Bunker Hill, where the ruins of a monument, erected to commemorate the affair, are still to be seen; from Bunker Hill, it ran like wild-fire to Concord and Lexington; and from thence it spread to every part of the State. Nor did it stop in Massachusetts, but kept on from one

end of the country to the other, and the whole land was shortly in a blaze. Such was the effect of our most gracious King's attempt to interpose his rightful prerogative in regulating the tea-tables of the disloyal dames of Boston.

In this ancient metropolis, I understand, is still to be seen the cradle of one Miss FANNY HALL—a pert minx, who became a mother without being a wife; and who had the nursing of John Hancock, Sam Adams, and several others of those turbulent rebels, who helped to set the country in a blaze, and finally to rob his Majesty of so large a portion of his rightful dominions. But what I was going to observe, was, the identical cradle, in which Miss Fanny Hall rocked these notorious rebels, is still preserved with great care in Boston, and is shown exultingly—perhaps I should say insultingly—by the people of that place, under the name of the CRADLE OF LIBERTY.

Great is the power of names, and great is the effect thereof. The Bostonians are aware of this, and therefore, as I am told, they take incredible pains to have their sons, almost as soon as they are born, rocked in the Cradle of Liberty, that they may thence imbibe ideas at variance with all loyal and sound principles

of government, and be forever prevented from returning, as they otherwise might, under the paternal wing of the British monarchy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXTRAORDINARY HEAT OF THE LEBANON SPRING—ITS GREAT CONVENIENCE IN MATTERS OF COOKERY—NOT BEING AWARE OF ITS INTENSE HEAT, I AM NEARLY SCALDED TO DEATH—INDIFFERENCE OF THE LANDLORD.

LEBANON SPRING—as I just observed, when my attention was withdrawn by the tea-rebellion in the last chapter—is situated on the side of a steep hill. It is a boiling spring, and the water is so hot, that an egg may be cooked in the space of half a minute. This makes it very convenient for Mr. Whole, who is the proprietor thereof and the keeper of the principal house: for such being the heat of the spring, it is entirely unnecessary ever to boil the pot or kindle a fire under the tea-kettle. I saw large potatoes—I mean for America—cooked in three minutes; large beets in four, and a good-sized Virginia ham in six. A leg of mutton was cooked in still less time. But these are not to be compared with the English legs—

the sheep in America being generally of a very diminutive size, not much exceeding that of an English hare.

But this is sufficient to show the exceeding heat of the water, and the great convenience to the proprietor, as well as the immense saving of fuel, which is beginning to be very scarce in this part of America, though I am told it is still very abundant beyond the Mississippi. All that is requisite in cooking at this spring, is, to have one corner partitioned off from the main body of the fountain, into which the meats, vegetables, and so forth, are thrown, in such quantities as are requisite for feeding the large number of guests with which the table of Mr. Whole is constantly thronged; while, for making tea and coffee, other smaller compartments are used; and the smoking beverage is forced up by steam in a thousand different conduits, each of which ends in a convenient stop-cock, just in front of the guest as he sits at table. All this I am ready to avouch on the word of a traveller; and although it has not been noticed, so far as I can find, either in the books of Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope, or the Reverend Mr. Fidler, still it is none the less true; and here I must again declare, that in spite of the ignorance, the incivility, and unpardonable

rudeness of these turbulent republicans there is among them a very considerable spirit of enterprise, and a very creditable display of ingenuity.

The Lebanon Spring is much used for bathing; and so soft is the water, that a man may lie and sleep on it, as he does on a feather bed. It is conveyed by leaden pipes into a bathing-house; where, in order to moderate its temperature and render it bearable by the human body, it is drawn into the baths with a due proportion of cool water. Each bather, by means of stop-cocks, can regulate the temperatature to suit himself. For want of paying particular attention to this circumstance, and before I was acquainted with the great heat of the water, I came very near scalding myself to death. Wishing to take a warm bath, and supposing the water of course to be of the right temperature, I drew solely from the hot pipe. Having got sufficient for my purpose, and being divested of my clothing, I incautiously leaped in. But, heavens and earth! never trout leaped out of a boiling kettle sooner than I leaped out again. Had it not been for this dexterous movement, I verily believe my entire skin would have gone by the board; nay perhaps I should have been cooked alive like a lobster. As it

was, my skin became the color of one of those boiled gentry, and was for some days as sore as the heart of a disappointed belle, or the conscience of a detected felon.

This accident was entirely owing to the fault of Mr. Whole, for had he previously advertised me of the uncommon heat of the water, I should in all probability not have been scalded. But there is, generally speaking, no such thing as either courtesy or humanity among the people of this country. Who but an American landlord would ever think of parboiling his guests, under pretence of bathing them?

In consequence of my accident, I was obliged to stay some days longer than I had calculated at this watering place; and when I was at last able to get away, I insisted upon it that mine host should deduct something from my bill.

"Deduct!" exclaimed he, "wherefore? Have I not kept you well?"

"Certainly," said I, "but that is no excuse for scalding me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said he, laughing aloud before a hundred people—"I am very sorry for the condition

of your skin. But any fool might have known better than to get into a scalding hot bath."

This was all the satisfaction I could get, and so I paid my bill and came away.

CHAPTER XXX.

GET INTO THE WRONG STAGE—ARRIVE AT PITTSFIELD—FURIOUS DEMOCRATS—DISAGREE AMONG THEMSELVES—THE GREAT ELM—ANECDOTE OF THE SAME—THE MUSKET-MILL—CHESHIRE—THE FAMOUS APPLE-PIE AND CHEESE.

From Lebanon, I took the stage for Albany, determining now, in the shortest possible time, to reach New-York, and embark for my native land. But I verily believe I am born to disappointments, delays, misfortunes, and cross accidents. Otherwise how should it happen that, when I wished to travel west, I found myself travelling east? Yet such was actually the case. Before I discovered that I was in the wrong coach, I found myself in a little place called Pittsfield, in honor of a great man. Had it not been for this appearance of good sense and loyalty in the people, I never should have forgiven my unlucky stars for bringing me so far out of the way.

I soon had occasion to remember, however, that all

is not gold that glistens; for though the people here had, with apparent loyalty, named their village after the great Earl of Chatham, I found them to be the most notorious set of flaming democrats that I had met with during the whole course of my travels, in the most democratic of all democratic countries. They do nothing from morning till night, but damn all crowned heads, curse all monarchies, and execrate all legitimate governments. The principal innkeeper, whom I found to be a very civil fellow, for an American, they stigmatize with the name of the *Old Federal;* and during the last war against England, as I am told, were so furiously democratic, that they pulled all the leaves out of Watt's Psalm-book; and would not go to church where the common version of the Bible was used, because it was translated by order of His most gracious Majesty, James I., of England.

But enemies as the Pittsfieldians are to crowned heads, they never can agree among themselves. If they cannot find any thing else to quarrel about, they'll fight, as Hudibras says,

> "like mad or drunk,
> For dame Religion as for punk."

The only thing they ever pretend to agree about, is

the *Great Elm*, as it is boastingly called. It is certainly a very noble tree, for America; but instead of being five hundred feet high, as the people constantly assert, I verily believe it is not above two hundred and fifty. But even this object of common pride they do not at all times agree about. For instance, it is not long since one party were for having it levelled with the earth, and the roots grubbed up, because, as they had been told by some mischievously disposed person, it was not a real republican tree, but was standing, a loyal elm, at the time of the rebellion.

"Darnation seize the tory tree!" said they; "we won't have it stand here any longer, sticking up its proud aristocratic head above us all, as though we were not good enough to kiss its great toe. Down with it! down with it!" continued they; "we'll have no monuments of British oppression staring us in the face at this time of day, not we!" And these furious democrats, seizing their axes, would inevitably have levelled the pride of the village with the earth, had not some one of the more moderate party found means to convince them that the tree was a good republican tree; that it had been planted by republican hands, and nourished by republican sap; and though

it was indeed a proud and lofty tree, it had never shown any signs whatever of being opposed to the feelings and interests of the people. The man had no sooner ended this eloquent and convincing speech, than those, who a moment before had been ready to strike at the heart of the tree, now threw up their ragged hats and cried as loud as they could bawl,

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the elm. Long live our beautiful republican elm!"

As I was carried to Pittsfield by mistake, I had neither time nor inclination to make myself very particularly acquainted with its affairs. I could not help taking notice, however, that it was a very pretty place; and that the buildings, considering they were American, were in very good taste. There is a Medical Institution, as it is called, and a High School; but the most remarkable thing I heard of, was the Musket-Mill.

This is employed in manufacturing fire-arms for one Uncle Sam, who I take it is the same old gentleman that I have before spoken of as master of the military school at West Point. These muskets are made by merely throwing into the mill a parcel of iron ore and some black walnut trees; when the iron

is presently converted into barrels, and the trunks of the trees into stocks; while the dross of the ore and the limbs of the trees are thrown out as refuse at the tail of the mill, where the obedient stream soon carries them away. There is certainly, among the Yankees, a very considerable degree of ingenuity in the mechanic arts.

By the by, speaking of furious democrats, I must relate what I heard, of a place called Cheshire, about ten miles to the north of Pittsfield, and ten times more democratic, if possible, than that democratic place. There, even the women are all democrats, as appears by the following:

It was during the reign of Thomas Jefferson, that bloody rebel who declared the Independence of America, that the women of Cheshire, a place famous for its dairies—like Cheshire in Old England—made a great cheese, which they called the Mammoth Cheese. One hundred and thirty of them, as I was informed, clubbed their curds, each weighing one hundred weight—so that the whole combined cheese weighed no less than thirteen thousand pounds. This, when completed, they sent, by the parson of the town, to President Jefferson, accompanied with a half-acre apple-pie to match.

But what did the President do? Did he thank them for their compliment? Not at all. He merely said to his niggers, as the clerical ambassador presented the pie and cheese, "Here, Tom, Dick, Cato, Sambo, Cudjo, and the rest, to the number of one thousand, unload this cheese, and roll it into the barn; and, do you hear, put the apple-pie with it. They're good enough for niggers; and don't you ask me for any thing more to eat for six months to come." Such was the reception of the famous apple-pie-and-cheese present! But this is the way with all your rude uncivilized republicans.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GET INTO THE RIGHT STAGE—PASS THE SHAKERS—QUERY HOW THEY PROPAGATE THEIR SPECIES—THEIR RELIGION—GENERAL LAXITY OF THE AMERICANS IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS—SPLENDOR OF THE SHAKERS' TEMPLE.

THE next time I embarked for Albany, I took care to get into the right coach. We repassed Lebanon Spring, and came in sight of the Shakers. These singular people are descended from Mrs. Anne Lee, whom they always call by the affectionate title of Mother Anne. How her descendants have become so very numerous, as I am told they are—amounting at the present time to several thousands—I could not well make out—as I understand they neither marry nor employ any of the ordinary means of propagating the species.

Virgil, as well as I can recollect my Latin, used to tell us how the bees gathered their young from the leaves of plants; and Ovid relates a story of one Duke Alien and his wife Peggy, who, after the world was destroyed by the flood, repeopled it by throwing bowl-

ders behind their backs. But those things were done in ancient times; and both the bees and the people of modern days have in general quite a different way of continuing the species. Nevertheless I would not be positive but that the Shakers, who piously reject all the commonly received modes, may increase their numbers and raise up a posterity in the Duke Alien mode, for I am told there is not a bowlder to be seen on their premises; and unless they are used up in the manner aforesaid, I know not what has become of them.

The Shakers are altogether a very curious sort of people. Instead of worshipping God, as the Christians do, they meet together of a Sunday, and sing, and dance, and cut strange capers, by way of apology for religion. They also shake as if they would fall to pieces; and from this last exercise it is, that they are called Shakers.

. Surely such a people would not be tolerated in England. His Majesty would compel them to be Christians, on pain of being deprived of their privileges, both social and political, both civil and religious. But in America they are permitted to do as they please; to dance by way of religion, or to let it alone. They are not even required to pay tithes, as all Catho-

lics, Presbyterians, Jews, Quakers, and other heretics are among us, for the support of the national church.

But the Shakers are not the only people in America who are permitted to do as they please in matters of religion. All sorts of heretics are allowed the same privilege. In fact they are placed on an equality with real Christians; and a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, a Shaker, or even a Jew, might be President of the United States. Such is the laxity in regard to religion among these uncivilized republicans! But it is not in the least to be wondered at; for those who will not stick at denying the divine right of kings, of course will not stick at any thing.

It must be owned, however, in regard to the Shakers, that they are not totally destitute of good qualities. Besides clearing all the copple-stones, and other hard-heads off of their land, they raise the earliest pease, make the best brooms, and keep the neatest houses, in all the land. I could not help taking notice of their temple, or place of worship, as I passed within about half a mile of it. The roof, instead of being ridged like a Christian church, is arched over from one end to the other, and is covered with one entire sheet of silver. The effect, as it glittered in the rays of the

declining sun, was very striking, for an American scene; and I could not help regretting that so much wealth and splendor should be wasted upon a house for the benefit of such heathens.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SCHODUCK, OR SHOW-DUCK—BARBAROUS NAMES IN AMERICA—HORSES ON A TREADMILL—REACH ALBANY ONCE MORE—THE BASIN—THE GREAT WESTERN CANAL—BUILT BY SIR HENRY CLINTON.

On my way to Albany, I passed through a little village, called Schoduck, or Show-*duck*; though I did not see a duck, drake, or any other feathered being in the whole place, except two or three crows, which were sitting a little way off, on the top of a dry tree, and watching for the stage-horses, or passengers, I could not exactly learn which.

But what I meant particularly to take notice of, was, the strange sounding name of the place. But this is nothing to what they have in America. Such a barbarous set of hard words were never before got together in any country. There is Skenackaty, and Schaghticoke, and Taghkanick, and Merrimack, and Hackmatack, and Kinderhook, and Cattaraugus, and Tonnawanta, and Tomhannock, and Onondoggy, and Chittiningo, and Skintheatlas, and Coshockton, and Naraganset, and Tappahannuck, and Penobscut, and We-

hawken, and Cooksoggy, and Conistoga, and Cocknawoggy, and Annaquassuck, and the devil knows what. How under the sun these people could scrape together such a villanous set of hard, jaw-breaking words, I cannot conceive. But one thing I can easily understand, namely, that it proves them to be in a very barbarous and uncivilized state.

After leaving Schoduck, I noticed nothing worth noticing till we came to the North River, which we crossed, to Albany, on a kind of boat which is moved by horses, in the manner of a tread-mill. There are two of these poor animals, one of which is stationed with his head towards the bow of the boat, and the other with his head to the stern. In this position they keep moving all the time, and fancy they are going ahead, when they do not advance an inch. Wherefore they are thus punished, I could not learn. They appeared to be very honest, civil horses; and, except that each of them had lost an eye—which I suppose had been gouged out—I could not perceive that they differed very materially from our English horses. But I never saw any thing, except human beings, walking on a tread-mill in England.

I found Albany, as near as I could judge, in the

same place where I left it. But there was one thing which I had not before noticed, namely, the Basin, as it is called; which is no other than a large artificial pond, out of which the Great Western Canal is fed. It is therefore, with more propriety of language than is usually to be found among the Americans, called a basin—in allusion no doubt to one of those vessels out of which aldermen and other gourmands are accustomed to eat their turtle soup.

This famous canal was built by Sir Henry Clinton in the time of the revolution. Having subdued the State of New-York, he turned his attention to internal improvements; and employed his soldiers, in their idle hours, in excavating this great work. But he had scarcely got it completed, when, by the peace of '83, the State was surrendered to America, and thus Great Britain lost all the benefit of this immense labor, achieved by her victorious general.

The above, as every body knows, is matter of history; and yet the Americans, with characteristic pride and self-conceit, arrogate to themselves all the glory of this great work; and go so far as to say, that it was one De Witt Clinton, a canal-digger, whom I have before mentioned, instead of the great Sir Henry Clinton, who achieved the work. This was too much. I could

not endure to have the honor of Old England attacked, in the person of one of her favorite sons; and I more than once came very near quarrelling with the Americans on this very topic. But, thanks to the Regency! I had them on my side; and the arrogant claims of this De Witt, unless I very much mistake, are now forever silenced, and those of Sir Henry fully established.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DESCEND THE RIVER IN THE ERIE STEAMER—COMMODORE PERRY—MAJOR DOWNING AGAIN—HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS AND THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION IN NEW-YORK.

Recollecting the hazard I formerly ran on board the night-boat, I determined to take the day-light for descending the river. I came down in the Erie steamer, which, though a very respectable boat, is not to be compared, for magnitude, to the De Witt Clinton; not being, as I should judge, over three hundred feet long, and otherwise tolerably proportioned. But the figure-head is out of all taste, besides being an insult to his Majesty's faithful subjects. At first, I did not understand it. But seeing a human figure, in naval uniform, standing at the bow of the boat as stiff as a poker, I asked who it was.

"That's Commodore Perry," was replied in the voice of Major Jack Downing, who I now perceived was again in company.

"And who's Commodore Perry?" said I.

"Don't you know Commodore Perry?" demanded he, in a tone of great surprise.

"I must say I do not," I replied; "though I dare say he's one of our naval heroes, whose name I've forgotten."

"He is'nt one of your naval heroes by considerable," said the Major; "and what's more, he's not a man to be forgot in one day."

"No!" said I, "what great things has he done?"

"No great, to be sure—he only took the whole British fleet on Lake Erie."

"Do you call that no great?"

"Why, nothing to speak on, considerin who he had to fight with. But he did lick the John Bulls, that's true, a leetle grain the hardest that ever they was licked. And he could write too, as well as fight. Now I call myself somethin of a neat chap at the quill; but for downright short hand, Perry was considerably the cutest fellow that ever draw'd a pen. After beatin the British in fifteen minutes, he writ an account of it to government in five words. And that was a leetle grain neater than I could do it, used as I am to the pistolary business. But Perry was a modest man, as well as a brave one. See how unpretendin he looks!"

"Curse his pretensions!" said I; "what have I to

do with them?" and I walked directly to the stern of the boat. I was there, however, pretty soon followed by the Major, who asked me if I was in New-York at the time of the President's visit.

"I believe so," said I, rather shortly.

"Then you see *us* in the procession, I suppose?" said he, a little proudly.

"Not I."

"You did'nt see us?"

"No—I kept in the house all that day. I hav'nt any taste for these displays of the rabble."

"No taste? what a pity! If you'd been out that day, you'd a seen me and the Gineral figurin considerable large, I guess. There never was any thing like it in New-York afore. There was I, a leetle ahead of the Gineral, on my cream-colored mare, that I always ride when I command the Downingville Militia; and there was the Gineral, on his dapple-gray horse; and we did figure in rather the genteelest style that you ever see, I'll be bound. There was Martin Van Buren too, on a leetle old sorrel horse, tryin to keep up along side of me and the Gineral; and endeavorin to take the shine off of us by bowin and bowin to the folks, the same as I and the Gineral did. But 'twas

all of no use. The people was so taken up with me and the Gineral, that they had'nt any time to notice the Vice President. 'Twas all, Hurrah for Major Downing! Hurrah for Gineral Jackson! And then there was such a shakin of white handkitchers out of the winders, and so many handsome women's eyes peepin down upon me and the Gineral, that 'twas enough to make a man pretty near jump out of his skin, to be taken sich notice of. The Gineral was considerably touched, I tell you. Says he to me, Major Downing, if I was'nt an old man —— Never mind that, says I, Gineral, you're pretty tough yet, and likely to outlive many a younger man. Besides, you are a widower, says I. That's what I was a thinkin about, says he, Major—and then he turned up his face and winked at a pretty gal, that was shakin her handkitcher out of a chamber winder—these handsome women, says he, are enough to make a man think of marryin again. But I'm so old, Major Downing—— A fig for that, says I, Gineral—the gals won't like you any the worse for your hair bein grey—for you've got plenty of it, sich as it is. But if the gals in New-York won't have you, says I, there's enough down east that will. Do you think so, Major? says he,

brightenin up considerable. I do indeed, Gineral, says I, for they're raal Jackson gals in the State of Maine; and I'll do what I can for you in Downingville, where I'm pretty well acquainted with all the women that's worth lookin at. Well, says he, Major Downing, I'll think of that another time—at present I have as much as I can do to look at these women here. By the etarnal! says he, lookin up to a sartain winder, on the left hand, them are bright eyes, if they aint —— That's true, Gineral, says I, and they're lookin right straight at *me*. You be d—d! says the Gineral, says he. I would a stopped him, as I commonly do, afore he got the word out; but he got ahead of me that time. Howsomever, he soon got over his anger and jealousy, and chatted away as good-natured as a kitten. So we went on, I and the Gineral, prancin and curvettin up Broadway; and if ever there was an expression of public opinion in favor of any two men, it was me and the Gineral. As for Martin Van Buren, poor man, I pitied him. He never fairly got over an accident he met with at the Castle Garden bridge, when it broke down, and he had to seize hold of the tail of the Gineral's horse to keep his head above water. He did what he could to recover; but he was'nt a circum-

stance to me and the Gineral, all the rest of the tower. I shall never forget what he said to me in Boston, after the people had been hurrahin for me and the Gineral, and not takin any more notice of him than they would of a common man. Says he, Major Downing, says he, as he wiped the sweat off of his forehead, which was runnin down out of mere mortification —says he, Major Downing, between you and me, "my sufferins *is* intolerable!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ARRIVE IN NEW-YORK—DETAINED BY THE PACKETS—STROLL THROUGH THE MARKET—PURCHASE A WATERMELON—EAT IT, AND FIND IT A SQUASH—QUIT NEW-YORK AND THE COUNTRY FOREVER.

I ARRIVED at New-York without any accident worthy of these pages; and determined to embark the very next day for Old England. But on going to the offices of the London and Liverpool packets, I was told that none of them would sail in less than three days. This, it may well be supposed, was no agreeable news, to a man who longed again to set foot in his own country; and I endeavored to persuade the owners of one or the other of these lines to despatch a ship at an earlier day for my especial accommodation. But I could not move them an inch, though I used all the arguments of which I was master; and among other things told them I had been treated with so little consideration, and moreover entertained so contemptible an opinion of the whole country, that I would not if I could help it remain another day upon its shores. But

they only laughed at this statement, and told me that if I was in such haste to go, it was a great pity I could not find some immediate conveyance, for the people would be quite as glad to get rid of me, as I shouldof them; but as to despatching a packet a moment sooner than the regular time of sailing, they would'nt do it, even for the accommodation of an Emperor.

Such being the case, I was fain to make myself easy; at least as easy as my uneasy situation would permit. I whiled away the time as well as I could, sometimes lounging on the Battery, at other times mingling with the gentry in Broadway, and then again walking through the market-place to spy out the nakedness of the land.

The productions I found there, both animal and vegetable, were in general quite inferior to the same kinds in England. I, however, noticed what I took to be some very tolerable looking watermelons, though the shape was quite different from any I had ever seen at home. Tempted with the luscious appearance, I purchased one; and having borrowed a case-knife of the market-woman, I sat down to enjoy my feast. On cutting it open, I noticed that the inside was yellow and the seeds white. I perceived a snickering among the wo-

men, as if some strange thing had happened. But I imputed it to the ill-breeding which pervades all classes in America, as well the lowest as the highest; and I kept on steadily eating my watermelon, without taking any notice whatever of their rudeness.

I had been thus employed for some time, when I was accosted by a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and who, with that rudeness which characterizes all classes—as well the highest as the lowest—asked me what I was eating?

At first I had a great mind not to answer him. But finally concluding that the sooner I replied to his impertinence, the sooner I should get rid of him—I told I told him I was eating a watermelon, if he must know.

"Well, how do you like it?" said he.

"Very well," I replied, "but I don't think it quite equal to our English melons."

As I said this, he burst into of horse-laugh, and told me I had been eating a squash, instead of a melon.

"A squash" said I, "what a notorious liar!"

"Nothing but a squash, I assure you," said he. Then speaking to the woman who had sold me the

melon, and who had a large pile of the same kind of fruit lying beside her—"Goody," said he, "what made you sell this honest gentleman a squash for a watermelon?"

"Why, la! sir," she replied, "I did'nt do any sich thing. He asked me no questions, and I told him no lies. I sell squashes to any body that wants 'em. If they chuse to eat them raw, it's no consarn of mine."

The gentleman again burst into a horse-laugh, in which he was joined by all the by-standers, and presently the whole market was in a roar—the old woman, clapping her hands upon her fat sides, and uniting with the rest in their most impertinent and obstreperous merriment.

"If you will laugh at my expense," said I, rising up, and indignantly throwing the remains of the squash-melon at the old woman's head, "I see no reason why I should stay to hear you." And so I walked off.

The three days at length passed away. They had seemed to me as long as three years; and never did tired school-boy see the end of his lesson, with more joy than I witnessed the close of these days. I had

been nearly four months in America; I had travelled as far as Saratoga Springs; I had seen much of American manners, both in high life, and low-life; I had passed through a variety of fortunes, from tolerable affluence to the very depths of poverty; I had been in the "Slough of Despond," and even in the mud of the dock; I had seen and conversed with the principal men in the country, not excepting Major Downing, the candidate for the next Presidency; and finally, to sum up all in one word, I had been thoroughly disgusted with the place, and therefore was the better prepared to give a true account of it in my contemplated work.

The morning of my departure at length came; and precisely at 10 o'clock I repaired on board the steamer Rufus King, which was to take me from the foot of Battery Place to the Liverpool packet, which was lying in the outer bay. I shook the dust from my feet, as I went aboard; and the steamer putting out from the wharf, I turned my back upon the city, and saw it no more.

The porpuses played merrily about the boat, and cut their antic capers as if nothing had happened. The sun shone bright, the breeze blew light, and the

gulls flew round without taking any notice of my departure. At length the steamer reached the packet. She made fast. She towed the tall ship beyond the Hook. Friends parted, hands were wrung, tears were shed; but nobody wept for me. The ship put off one way, and the steamer put off the other; and I descended to the cabin, to shut out forever from my sight the hated shores of America.

NOTE.---Had not Mr. Fibbleton been in so great haste to add his name to that distinguished list of writers, whom he seems so proud to emulate, he might have found another glorious example in the work of Mr. Hamilton, entitled, "MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA." However, in order that the public may have no cause to regret this precipitancy of the EX-Barber, we will give them a few extracts from Mr. Hamilton's book, which may serve as a proof that he is not a whit behind the most renowned of his race---not even Mrs. Trollope herself---in his love of truth, and his freedom from prejudice and ill nature. AMERICAN EDITOR.

NEW-YORK.

"The aspect and bearing of the citizens of New-York, are certainly very distinguishable from any thing ever seen in Great Britain. They are generally slender in person, somewhat slouching in gait, and without that openness of countenance and erectness of deportment to which an English eye has been accustomed. Their utterance, too, is marked by a peculiar modulation, partaking of a snivel and a drawl, which, I confess, to my ear, is by no means laudable on the score of euphony."

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—"Departures, which had begun even before I took my place at the able, became every instant more numerous, and in a few minutes the apartment had become, what Moore beautifully describes in one of his songs, "a banquet-hall deserted." The appearance of the table, under such circumstances, was by no means gracious, either to the eye or the fancy. It was strewed thickly with the *disjecta membra* of the entertainment. Here, lay fragments of fish, somewhat unpleasantly

ordoriferous; there, the skeleton of a chicken; on the right, a mustard-pot upset, and the cloth, *passim*, defiled with stains of eggs, coffee, gravy—but I will not go on with the picture. One nasty custom, however, I must notice. Eggs, instead of being eat from the shell, are poured into a wine-glass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up with butter and condiment, the mixture, according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off like a liquid. The advantage gained by this unpleasant process, I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate; but I can speak from experience to its sedative effect on the appetite of an unpractised beholder."

"THE EXCHANGE is a petty affair, and unworthy of a community so large and opulent as that of New-York. With regard to churches, those frequented by the wealthier classes are built of stone, but the great majority are of timber. Their architecture in general is anomalous enough; and the wooden spires, terminating in gorgeous weathercocks, are as gay as the lavish employment of the painter's brush can make them."

"But the chief attraction of New-York is the Broadway, which runs through the whole extent of the city. The sides are skirted by a row of stunted and miserable-looking poplars, useless either for shade or ornament, which breaks the unity of the street without compensation of any sort."

"One of my earliest occupations was to visit the courts of law. Judges and barristers were both wigless and gownless, and dressed in garments of such color and fashion, as the taste of the individual might dictate. There was no mace, nor external symbol of authority of any sort, except the staves which I observed in the hands of a few constables, or officers of the court. The first witness examined, held the Bible in one hand, while he kept the other in his breeches pocket, and, in giving his evidence, stood lounging with his arm thrown over the bench."

Having satisfied my curiosity in this court, I entered another, which I was informed was the Supreme Court of the State. The proceedings here were, if possible, less interesting than those I had already witnessed. I was therefore, on the point of departing, when a jury, which had previously retired to deliberate, came into court, and proceeded in the usual form to deliver their verdict. It was not without astonishment, I confess, that I remarked that three-fourths of the jurymen were engaged in eating bread and cheese, and that the foreman actually announced the verdict with his mouth full, ejecting the disjointed syllables during the intervals of mastication!"

"At six o'clock the bell rings for tea, when the party musters again, though generally in diminished force. This meal is likewise provided with its due proportion of solids. The most remarkrble was raw hung beef, cut into thin slices, of which,—*horresco referens*,—I observed that even ladies did not hesitate to partake. The tea and coffee were both execrable."

NEW-ENGLAND.

"Mammon has no more zealous worshipper than your true Yankee. His homage is not merely that of the lip, or of the knee; it is an entire prostration of the heart; the devotion of all powers, bodily and mental, to the service of the idol. He views the world but as one vast exchange, on which he is impelled, both by principle and interest, to overreach his neighbors if he can. The thought of business is never absent from his mind. To him there is no enjoyment without trafic. He travels snail-like, with his shop or his counting-house on his back, and, like other hawkers, is always ready to open his budget on little private interests for discussion or amusement. The only respite he enjoys from the consideration of his own affairs, is the time he is pleased to bestow on prying into yours."

"Arithmetic, I presume, comes by instinct among this guessing, reckoning, expecting, and calculating people."

"If to form a just estimate of ourselves and others be the test of knowledge, the New Englander is the most ignorant of mankind."

"Whenever his love of money comes in competition with his zeal for religion, the latter is sure to give way. He will insist on the scrupulous observance of the Sabbath, and cheat his customer on the Monday morning. The whole race of Yankee pedlars, in particular, are proverbial for dishonesty. These go forth, annually in thousands to lie, cog, cheat, swindle, in short, to get possession of their neighbor's property, in any manner it can be done with impunity. They warrant broken watches to be the best time-keepers in the world; sell pinch-beck trinkets for gold; and have always a large assortment of wooden nutmegs, and stagnant barometers."

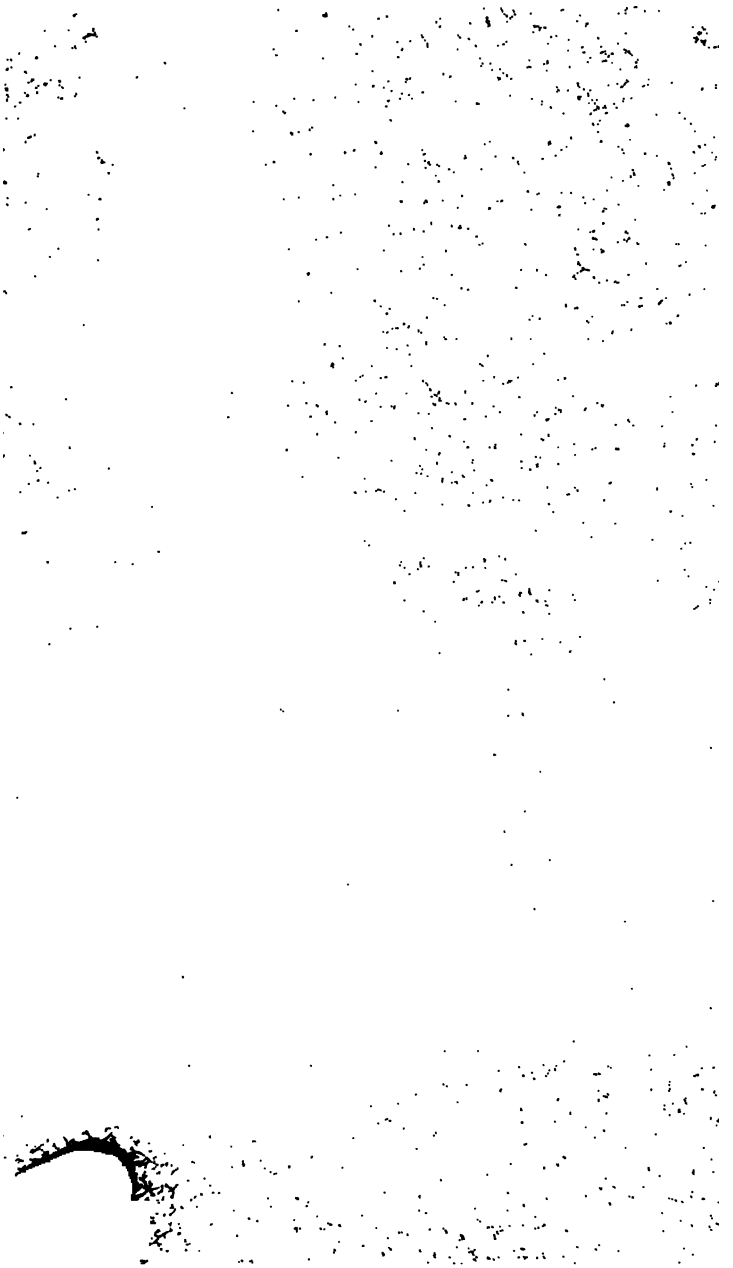
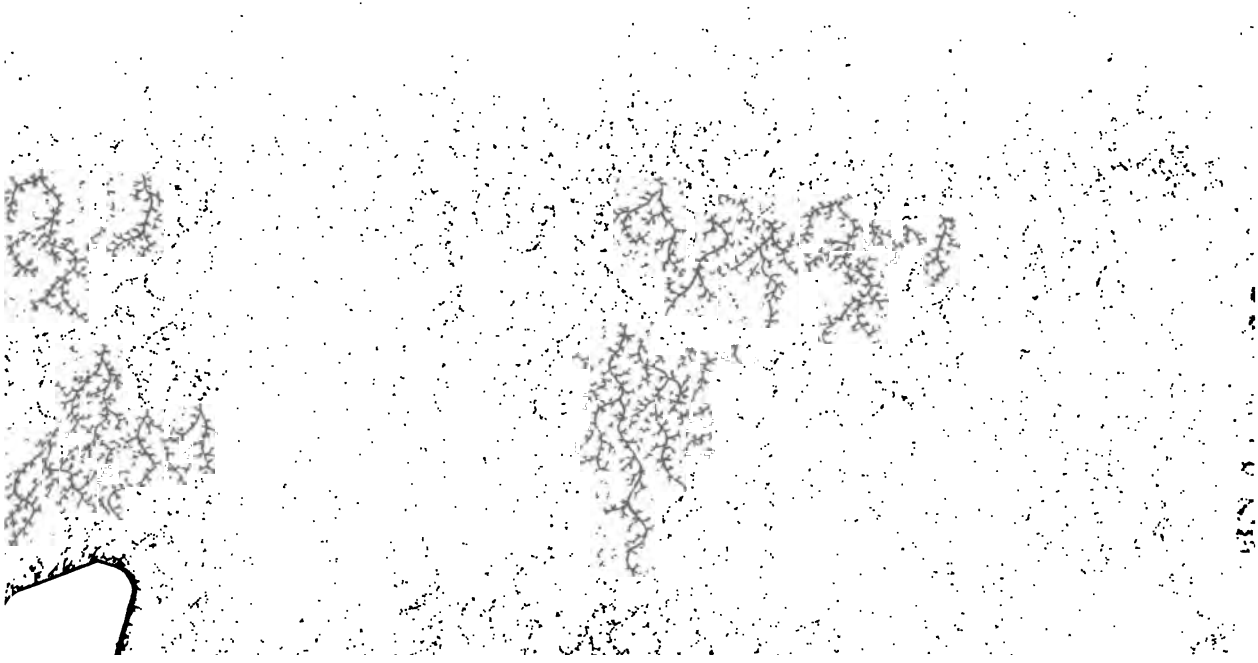
"The New Englanders are not an amiable people. One meets in them much to approve, little to admire, and nothing to love."

"Hartford is one of the stupidest places on the surface of the globe."

WASHINGTON.

"THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.—During the time I was en-

gaged at the levee, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the company, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner were these ministers of Bacchus descried to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized *in transitu*, by a sort of *coup de main;* and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously despatched, and it at length became apparent, that without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates, and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted."

"The butler, however, was an Irishman, and, in order to baffle farther attempts at intercepting the supplies, had recourse to an expedient marked by all the ingenuity of his countrymen. He procured an escort, armed them with sticks, and on his next advance, these men kept flourishing their *shillelahs* around the trays, with such alarming vehemence, that the predatory horde, who anticipated a repetition of their plunder, were scared from their prey, and, amid a scene of execrations and laughter, the refreshments thus guarded, accomplished their journey to the saloon in safety!"

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